VOL. III. No. 45. | GREENSBORO, N. C., FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1858. | WHOLE No. 147.

THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Stanzas to Grace Milwood.

BY INVALID.

Thanks for thy tribute stranger friend!
Of sympathy divine,
Which like a ministering angel sought,
This humble cot of mine:—
Thanks for thy gentle, soothing words
Of friendship and of love;
Which lifted me from earthly cares,
To holier things above.

More priceless far than India's gems,
Or Ophir's fabled gold;
The soothing balm which Friendship pours
Upon the chastened soul.
And though the precious offering came
O'er many a hill and plain;
'Tis no less gladly, warmly hailed,
The antidote of pain.

I fain would greet thee face to face
My gentle, unknown friend;
And with thee by my couch, an hour
Of sweet communion spend.
I would thy gentle accents hear,
And see thy radiant smile;
Affliction's poignant pang to soothe,
Its loneliness beguile.

But should the orderings of Fate,
The boon, I ask, deny;
Oh! may we not each other meet,
In a happier home on high;
And with the white robed angels roam
The fair Elysian bowers,
Where grim decease nor cruel care,
Ne'er blight the blooming flowers!

The bitter chalice I have drained,
So many weary years;
My Father's hand will soon remove,
And wipe away my tears.
And then inspiring thought! the crown
Which He'll prepare for me;
For every pang I suffer here,
Will but the brighter be.

Elm Cottage Va.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

GRACE LEE;
Or, the Young Poetess.

BY S. M. C.

CHAPTER III.

ROBERT GRAHAM was a constant visitor at Mrs. Penington's, breathing loving words to Lucy and Annie, and striving to win their hearts by every fascinating art he could employ. Weeks and months came and passed away, and yet he did not declare his love to either. Each one fancied herself beloved by him and envy, and jealousy, sprang up between them making a hell of torment in their bosoms. Grace with the delicate instinct, that belongs to the Poetic mind saw too plainly how matters stood, and she longed to go to her cousins and draw them from the precipice on which they were standing, but she dared not, and with a bleeding heart she stood and saw every flower of hope and joy burned to ashes at their feet. Faintly, at first, the breath of calumny rose around their fair names, and then louder and deeper it grew, until the warmest friends who had gathered around them once, turned coldly from them now and they found themselves spurned and neglected by all.

It was a beautiful day in the sweet spring-time, every flower and leaf, danced lightly on the bosom of the balmy breeze, and the birds made rich music in the woods around Newton, filling every heart that heard them with emotions of joy and gladness; but there was no joy in the home of the Penington's, all seemed to be sad around the doomed place. Annie had left early in the morning to go no one knew whither, and Lucy lounged about idly seeming to feel no interest in anything whatever, while Mrs. Penington moved about listlessly as if she had nothing on which to concentrate her thoughts. Slowly the day faded away into night and still Annie came not. Grace feared she knew not what, and she shuddered when she thought of where she might be all night long. She and Mrs. Penington sat up hoping that Annie would return, and quiet their apprehensions but they looked and hoped in vain, and in the early morning a note was found at the door, on which was hastily inscribed in Annie's well known hand, the following words to Mrs. Penington:

Dear Mother:

I am about to leave America with Robert Graham: he says there are reasons why he cannot marry me here; when we are married, I will write to you and tell you what those reasons are. I will return as the proud bride of Robert Graham. ANNIE.

Mrs. Penington read the note with a smile of triumph—it seemed to her that her ambitious hopes were fully realized at last, and before Grace could interfere she handed the note to Lucy saying: "I thought Annie would be before you, she was always cleverer than you, and now she's married Robert Graham after all; there's nothing like perseverance. If she had have minded what people were saying she would have let him alone, but she's provided for, I am glad of that, and—" Mrs. Penington was going on to say much more, when she was startled by a shriek from Grace, she turned, and saw her kneeling on the floor supporting the head of Lucy Penington, who was entirely insensible, and instead of rendering any assistance she ran out of the room screaming wildly, while Grace directed the servant to go for Dr. Arnold as soon as possible. Not many minutes had elapsed before the Doctor was in the room, but it was a long time before the swooning girl could be aroused from her death-like trance and when at last the flush of life came back to her beautiful face she opened her eyes and gazed mournfully at Grace, saying—"are they quite gone? O! if I could see them to tell them; but it matters not what, now, they are gone," and she closed her eyes wearily as if striving to forget something. "Grace," she said, suddenly looking up, "I am tired and want to sleep. I wish you would go somewhere else, I can't sleep while you are sitting there. Close the blind and put down the curtain, and then go, I am tired." Grace did as she was directed and then went up quietly to her own room to rest, for she felt sadly in need of it after the sleepless night and anxious morning she had passed, and wrapping her shawl around her she threw herself on the bed and was soon in a profound slumber; she knew not how long she had slept, it might have been two hours, when she was startled by a loud shriek from Lucy's room. To get up and run down was the work of an instant. She opened the door and there on the floor with her features horribly distorted was the ill-fated Lucy in the last agonies, and bending over her was her wretched mother sending up wild wails of anguish that almost froze the heart of Grace; but she felt that she must act and checking the strong desire that possessed her to turn back from the awful scene before her, she stooped and raised Lucy's head but the once bright eyes had lost the last beam of life, and the rich tuneful voice was hushed forever. Grace laid the bright young head of the dead girl on her rigid arm, and turned to attend to Mrs. Penington, who had fallen to the floor in almost a dying condition. Dr. Arnold was immediately sent for and after having Mrs. Penington placed in a quiet room he went with Grace in the chamber of death and on raising her hand he saw a small note grasped tightly in it, on which was inscribed with a pencil:

"I die by my own hand. I am wretched and rather than live I have taken Arsenic, I die calmly, eternally cursing the authors of my missery Robert and Annie. I die hating them. I loved Robert I was his betrothed, he has deceived me, I am wretched and long for the perpetual rest of death. I will find it soon. I have no dread of hereafter, if there is a God he will compassionate my misery. I am willing to trust to chance—but O! if there is a hell if there is a heaven, what will become of me—I——"

Then the pencil mark ceased as if the agony of the writer was too great to proceed—the pencil was found lying near where it had fallen from her hand and on the table was a phial labelled "Arsenic," of which she had taken a large quantity. Dr. Arnold looked at the note and then at the beautiful dead girl before him, and covering his face with his hands wept as only a strong man can weep. Gently they raised the fair young form and placed it on the bed and folded the pale beautiful hands to rest on the cold bosom—and left her alone in that hushed room with the evening sunshine falling lightly through the half parted curtain, as it had fallen many an evening when Lucy sat there radient with life and loveliness.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. PENINGTON was insensible for many days after the death of Lucy and nothing but the faint beating of her heart told that life remained.—Grace never left her Aunt's bed, she watched beside her day and night, striving to win one look of recognition from her eyes or one familiar word from her closed lips. Dr. Arnold too tried his utmost skill to restore her, but in vain; she grew weaker and weaker, until her spirit floated away through the bars of its prison house to stand before the throne of the eternal.

Grace was glad now that she had never spoken unkindly to her Aunt in all her life-time, and she felt that she was reaping a rich reward for all her meekness and patient gentleness towards her. She could not reproach herself with one ungentle deed or one cold look and as she knelt beside the dead, all unkindness to herself was forgotten and no memories save those that were kind and beautiful were mingled with her mourning for the departed.

Dr. Arnold had always loved Grace as his own child and he took her to his own home after the death of Mrs. Penington, feeling a proud joy in being able to shield the delicate and sensitive creature from the coldness of the world. Grace had now no shadow on her young heart save the thought that Annie was perhaps deserted and friendless in the land of strangers.—She had never heard from her since she left, never knew where she was, but others knew that Robert Graham had married a fair young bride and deserted poor Annie. They knew too that Robert was coming back to his old home with his beautiful wife, while Annie was afar off in Europe with no friend to help her, and no voice to speak gently to her and lead her back into the paths of peace and holiness. Robert had not married her as he had promised to do, and he soon left her to weep over the fearful step she had taken, while he as gay as ever woed and wed another.

A few months passed and he came back to Newton with his gay young wife and he was welcomed as cordially by the many as if he had never been guilty of a crime. He was rich, and he was respected of course in appearance by those who really abhored him in their secret hearts. Dr. Arnold alone dared to slight the rich man, and when he rooled past his gate in his splendid carriage with his beautiful wife reclining on the rich cushions beside him, Dr. Arnold would sigh and shake his head and say such folly could not last long; while his neighbors looked after them admiringly sighing because they could not afford such a grand equipage as Robert Graham's; and wishing in their hearts that they could eclipse him.

When Grace went to live at Doctor Arnold's it was believed that she was to be a seamstress or a kind of help for Mrs. Arnold, and of course no one dreamed about calling on her, or paying her any attention, but when Dr. Arnold made it known that he intended giving her his whole property at his death, there was no end to the calls and invitations she received from those who had once slighted her;—and Grace found herself an admired young lady, entirely different from the young lady that used to look so plain and work so patiently at Mrs. Penington's. Grace knew too well how to prize the attentions she received and she never accepted invitations from those who had so often treated her with contempt, nor did Dr. Arnold desire her to do so; he knew that she had no wish to mingle with the gay and fashionable parties that met at Newton, so she spent her time as she loved best, writing the low sweet songs of her heart, as if no one but her maker heard her, or reading to Doctor Arnold and his wife as they sat by their cheerful fires on the long winter evenings. Grace had won great celebrity as a writer and rich praises from the great and the gifted came swelling up around her; but she pressed on as if she heard them not, feeling as humble as when she lived unloved and unknown in the home of the Peningtons, and thus almost unknown to herself, she reached the very temple of fame, while hundreds stood around her blessing her for the sweet words she breathed to their responding hearts.—Grace was too lovely and too rich to be without lovers, and in spite of her "blue stocking" propensities, many worshippers knelt at her shrine, pouring their honied words into her ear, but she turned gently, yet friendly from all, saying she had no wish to marry,—and people began to wonder why Grace did not marry and predicted she would be an old maid. She did not say aught against the prediction but smiling quietly to herself kept on "the even tenor of her way," satisfied with the love that shone so brightly around her pathway.

Among the many who visited at Dr. Arnold's was the Rev. Mr. Eldridge, a minister of the Methodist Church, possessing high tallents, and graceful manners. It was not strange that Grace felt interested in him, but it was the truth and purity of his heart that interested her most, and ere she suspected it, her heart was entirely in his keeping; and when he told her in his deep rich voice the secret of his great undying love; she laid her hand in his and whispered: "I am yours forever, Walter." The distinguished woman became the wife of the humble circuit preacher, strengthening him by her devoted love, and by her beautiful intellect aiding him in the high work to which he was devoted. She never complained when for weeks he was forced to absent himself from her, for she knew he was about his Master's business and she encouraged him even by her cheerful faith and patient endurance, to bear every cross meekly.

Year after year, he toiled on in the ministry, never weary of winning souls to Christ, and at last he was stationed in the beautiful village of Newton, where nothing but peace and love surrounded him, and where Grace could be once more near her aged friends—Dr. Arnold and his wife. Seven years had passed since she left Newton happy in her first bright dream of love, but as she sat in her beautiful little home, with her young children around her, and Mr. Eldridge reading beside her, she felt that life for her

"Was like a dream of poetry
That may not be written or told
Exceedingly beautiful;"

and her heart sent up rich thanksgiving psalms to Him who had given her such a wealth of pure happiness, yet a shadow would sometimes rest on her heart, as she thought of poor Annie, erring and forsaken, and she prayed always that God would lead her back to her old home and give her a new heart and a right spirit ere she was called away to give an account for all that she had done on earth.

Robert Graham spent his time in gambling and dissipation of the lowest kind, while his wife amused herself with fashsionable fops and gay ladies, who had nothing to do "but eat drink and be mery." People said Mrs. Graham was not a kind loving wife to Robert and some people had actually overheard quarrels between them and then there were strange tales whispered about Mrs. Graham.—Tales which no body believed, of course, until one morning it was proved beyond a doubt that she had eloped with her husband's partner in business, who had taken with him all the money he could lay his hands on, leaving Mr. Graham almost a beggar. Lower and lower he sank in the depths of dissipation after the elopement of his wife, until the most degraded scorned him and he went out in the wide world a wretched and dishonored man with not one hope shining on the dark horizon of his future life.

CHAPTER V.

IT WAS ON a bleak day in chill December, the snow flakes fell in blending showers on the streets and houses of Newton, and nothing was heard save lowing of kine and the rustling of dry leaves as the great flakes of snow fell upon them. All was dark and cheerless around the village, but in her sweet home sat Grace and her husband surrounded by all that could make life dear and beautiful to her. Mr. Eldridge had been reading from the Bible, and Grace repeating the priceless promises to herself, when there was a faint rap at the door and then a sound as of some one falling heavily against it. Mr. Eldridge and Grace started to their feet at the same instant and on opening the door they saw a woman's form lying against the step apparently dead, while a little child seemingly about eight years old stood weeping and shivering near him. Mr. Eldridge lost no time in raising the poor creature and placing her on the sofa by the comfortable fire, while Grace made haste to bring warm blankets to wrap around her benumed limbs, gradually the current of life warmed once more and the weak suffering creature opened her eyes and gazed around her murmering, "where is my child, where is Lucy?" Grace drew the pale little girl to its mother's side, she said nothing but closed her eyes with a faint smile, as if she had nothing more to ask for.

Grace bent over her and said in her low rich voice, "are you comfortable now, can I do anything more for you?"

She started, looked up at Grace and said, quietly, "I know your voice, but I don't remember your face; I used to hear that voice long, long ago, I don't know where."

A terrible suspicion shot through the heart of Grace as she looked into those wild hollow eyes and bursting into tears she threw herself on the breast of the miserable Annie.

"I am come home to die, Grace," said Annie in a faint voice. "I have suffered mock. I have been very wicked, but God through Christ's sake has pardoned me, and I feel that I am ready to depart. He has given me rest through his sorrows and life through his death. Come near me, Grace and tell me will you take my child when I am gone—the child of shame and misery?"

Grace took the little child on her knee and promised to love her always and then the dying Annie folded her hands on her breast saying softly:

"I have prayed for this hour Grace and God has brought it to me at last. I shall rest very sweetly knowing that you will take care of my poor little Lucy; you were always good to me Grace, and God will bless you for it. I was unkind to you years ago but I am forgiven now."

Grace bent down and kissed the pale brow of her dying cousin saying: "yes, Annie, I forgave you years ago, don't remember it now; it is all past." Annie closed her eyes with a calm smile as Grace turned away, and althrough the night she talked of going home to rest, and when the morning came she faded away in the light of heaven.

Tenderly they folded her hard toil-worn hands on her cold bosom, and pressed the pale eyelids down over her still beautiful eyes and left her to rest by the side of her mother and the wretched Lucy, rejoicing that God had called the wanderer home at last.

Grace watched over the orphaned Lucy as if she had been her own child, teaching her all that was pure and beautiful in her own life and striving to lead her to a purer and better home above. Lucy never knew that a stain had seated on her mother's name, she was as frail as she was beautiful and she faded from earth in all her morning loveliness, and went to Heaven ere the shadows of life had weighed down the wings of her pure spirit. Grace grieved for the loss of her bright little pet but knew it was safe with God, and she pressed back her tears and looked up calmly to the beautiful beyond, when the sea is hushed and the sky cloudless forever.

The winds swept wildly among the houses of Newton, comfortable people in comfortable houses drew closely around their blazing fires, while the poor crouched around their dull embers spreading out their hard cold hands to catch the heat, wondering when the weather would get warmer and sighing heavily as they thought of the windy days that must come ere the sweet spring-time would return with its warmpth and blossoms, to gladden their desolate hearts. The day passed and the night came slowly on, colder and colder it grew; and great flakes of snow began to fall thickly on the frozen earth, while the wind came whistling around the old houses, like the wail of a lost spirit, and amid all this drear desolation of winter a poor stockingless man entered the villege alehouse. His thin blue nucles protruding through the holes in his trousers, his hat broken and everything about him betokening extreme poverty and degradation. And when morning came you might have seen a group of villagers gathering around a dark object in the snow. Nearer and nearer they stood around it, throwing aside the heavy snow that had fallen in the night, and staring up in the clear, cold morning light was a stiff white face, as cold as the snow that surrounded it. He was recognized by some as the man who had entered the ale-house the night before; and taking a small book from his pocket inscibed within it was the name of Robert Graham, and so they knew that the life of the wicked man was ended. Solemnly they bore him away and made him a grave in the church yard near those he had so cruelly distroyed. Grace gazed mournfully at the little procession as it passed her house—and looking up in her husband's face murmured in a soft undertone. "True and just are the Judgements of the Lord, and his ways are past finding out."

There is a bright home somewhere in our happy land where Grace still lives, making all hearts glad around her by her cheerful and loving spirit. Men and women old and young love her with a stronger tenderness and quiet people in quiet homes send loving words and kind wishes to the gifted poetess who sings the simple songs of her own heart, heedless of the voice of fame—awakening sweet and holy emotions in the hearts of all who listen to her singing, and drawing them ever upward by her pure and beautiful thoughts to a holier world, "Where the beautiful fades not away."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Woman's Love.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

There is no blessing we enjoy
So like to heaven above;
So holy, pure and undefiled
As woman's gentle love;
And they alone who it possess,
Can e'er taste the bliss
Which springs from out its deep reccess
Within a world like this.

Though death may for a season blight
Affection's holy flowers;
And cause the plant of love to droop
Within its earthly bowers;
Yet will it but transplanted be
Beyond this world of gloom;
And watched by angel's holy love
It shall perpetual bloom.

Let all the world ambitious be
Of power, wealth, or fame;
Let them ignite the new born spark
Into a burning flame;
But give to me no greater bliss
In earth or heaven above;
Then the assurance—I possess
Sweet woman's holy love.

Baltimore Md.

WRITEN FOR THE TIMES.

Kitty.

BY ROLLIN.

Young Kitty is a blushing maid
With bright blue eyes and wavey hair,
A perfect little flirt by trade
Who knows she is a jewel rare;
And so when gallants strive to storm
Her guileless heart by plot and plan,
She always freezes while they warm
And laughs a, "catch me—*if you can.*"

At concert, theatre, or ball,
Her lovers meet her by the score,
But once—and then at Adams fall—
Has woman caused such woe before.
A cold glance from her azure eyes
Makes each aspiring suiter blue:
Oh! who would covet such a prize,
If they could win it—boys *would you?*

WRITEN FOR THE TIMES.

Hymn.

BY L. W. S.

Look sinners look to calvary!
Behold the son of God!
He pities you, and bids you see
Your pardon in his blood.

And will you trifle with your soul,
Which this great Ransom cost?
Will you in burning billows roll,
And be forever lost?

Do not despair, there yet is hope,
Your drooping souls revive;
Jesus will cheer our spirits,
He bids his murderers live.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

To S. A.

BY MATILDA.

I love thee: every hour I live
My heart more fondly turns to thee;
I love thee more than life or fame—
Thou art earth's happiness to me.
And yet thy path is far from mine,
Mine is along life's thorny way,
And thine is down a quiet vale
Where bright blue waters sweetly play.
Oh! after all life's hopes and fears,
When all earths bitterness is past
Shall we not meet before the throne
And be from [illegible] at last?

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Author of "Sweet Home."

BY G. W. DAMAS.

"'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home."—*Payne.*

It is indeed one of those grateful privileges to gather around the hearthstone of domestic affection, and sing home praises at the family altar to those genial minds who have rendered home so endearing and happy. It is fitting indeed that we should treasure up souvenirs of the purer lights who have thrown the gladsome rays of joy and happiness around the home circle.

The song of home is echoed by the world. It reverberates in the mountains and vales of the East, the Rocky-isles and ice-bound regions of the North; in the fading twilight of the Australian tent, and lingers on the rippling waters of the Southern Pacific and the golden shores of Eldorado.

The most prominent of those who have contributed to home-songs, is John Howard Payne. He stands forth a bright example, surrounded by all the touching simplicity of his song. But little is known of his strange and eventful life. It was more

"Like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die."

The early life of Payne is fraught with all the strange and erratic examples of a genius like his own. He was born in the leafy month of June, in the State of New-York, in the year 1792. His family was a distinguished one—his father being one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. John was the eldest of nine children. He was the "brightest" of the number, and possessed quite a military spirit, commanding a small company when a mere lad. At the age of twelve he was a good elocutionist, and an actor of no little merit. He wished to go on stage, but his father would not allow him. At the age of thirteen he commenced the publication of a paper called the "Thespian Mirror." His passion had increased so rapidly for the stage, that he made his appearance as an actor in New York city, when but sixteen years of age. His parents died, when he was at the age of twenty-six. He crossed the Atlantic and performed in England. He there directed his talents to writing for the stage, and produced several dramas and tragedies of rare excellence. Among them, "Magpie and the Maid," "Accusation," "Brutus," "Charles II," and "Clari, Maid of Milan." In the latter piece he introduced the song of "Sweet Home." first sung by Miss Tree (a sister of Ellen Tree) in 1832. Its puplishers sold 130,000 copies the first year it was published, yielding immense profits to them and but a mere pittance to Payne, he having sold the copy-right. He returned to this country and issued the prospectus of a paper which he proposed calling *Jam Jeham Nina*—an Eastern title, signifying a "Goblet wherein you may see the universe." The paper was never issued.

The manners and conversation of Payne are said to have been singularly captivating. So much so that a person of his tastes found a rich companion in his inexhaustible mind. A year or so before his death he spent some time in Washington city (D. C.) He was there surrounded by sympathizing literary friends, notwithstanding that he occupied a garrett of a cheap boarding-house for his lodgings. His buisness was office-seeking. He was an applicant for a consulship to Tunis, from which he had been once removed. He was driven to this extremity by actual want. Was it not a sorrowful sight to see a man of his talents and virtues subjected to the humility of office-seeking? for a mind and character as pure as his to mingle with the corrupting influences of party? Day after day he experienced that "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick," as the wavering breath of political favor would fan into a breath the dying embers of his ambition.

While awaiting his appointment or final refusal, he used to, in company with a friend, walk the broad and pleasant streets of the national metropolis, now and then looking into the lighted parlors of the happy homes, as they were passing, seeing family circles enjoying home pleasures, and even engaged in singing that melody—a pleasing requiem to his hopes of home—his own "Sweet Home." Would that it had been literally thus!—At these times

"Gay was the love of Paradise he drew,
And pictured in his fancy; he did dwell
Upon it, till it had a life; he threw
A tint of Heavan athwart it—who can tell
The yearnings of his heart, the charm, the spell
That bound him to that vision?"

During these wanderings he gave a history of his life to a friend of the author of these lines. He related all the trials to which his poverty subjected him. To quote his own words:—"How often I have been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or the hand organ playing "Sweet Home," without a cent to buy the next meal, or a place to put my head! The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody, yet I have been a wanderer from boyhood. My country has turned me from office, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for bread." Thus he would complain of his misfortunes. His only wish was to die in a foreign land, be buried by strangers and sleep in obscurity.

Alas! poor Payne! little did he think that his last wish would so soon be realized!

He was re-appointed Consul at Tunis, and died soon after returning to that country. He was buried by strangers, and sleeps the sleep that knows no waking in obscurity, unknown to the world with its happy homes or its homeless multitudes. His remains, I believe, were never brought to this country. No monument marks the burial place of this wanderer in life, but there 'neath the sunny skies of the blue Mediterranean, the author of "Sweet Home" died and was buried.

Other songs with as much melody as "Sweet Home" but without the sweet simplicity of words, have originated and have been sung in the fitful hour of their existence, but

"Like some wild melody."

have vanished into the misty past of song. Payne died! Others who have fought bravely and long in the great battle of Life have at last been conquered. As sweet flowers of memory bloom on their graves in the valley, let their epitaph be that of the inspired Apostle:

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

Yet it is asked—

"Can that man be dead
Whose spiritual influence is on his kind?"

And is answered—

"He lives in glory; and his speaking dust
Has more of life than half its breathing mould."

From the New York Observer.

Dying Hours of Aaron Burr.

In reply to the inquiry made in our columns a few weeks ago for more definite information respecting the religious views and experience of Aaron Burr in the last hours of life, a lady of great intelligence and worth, a relative of the family and of Ogden E. Edwards, who was Burr's fast friend, writes to us a letter, from which we make a few extracts. The facts here stated are thrilling in their own interest and they are sufficient to stamp, as it deserves, the great crimes against society, committed by a recent biography of that bad man. Our correspondent writes:

"My————,Ogden E. Edwards, who died in 1848, felt a grateful interest in Col. Burr, from the fact of his having, in prosperous days, aided my grandfather Timothy Edwards, in pecuniary difficulties. He admired also the mind God had given him, whsch, in all his degradation, shone forth in the most brilliant and fascinating narrations. He spent a week at my father's house after he was 70, and my impression of him and all he said and did, is vivid. He was hater of all mankind, a trifler with all womankind, and violated all the rites of hospitality in the license of ill behavior. Parton's book is a tissue of lies, as far as family matters are related, and oh! how evil in its influence upon young men. My father used to say that Burr's killing Hamilton was the least of his crimes.

"Mr. Edwards found that Burr was continually annoyed when he lived in Nassau street by a set of miserable beings, who pretended to have claims upon his charity. One morning there were 18 or 20, each telling the story of his or her wrongs. The larger part were women. He took a *shilling* from under his pillow, and threw it among them saying with one of his witherring looks, 'There ye harpies, the last cent I have.' Mr. E. then removed him to Richmond, Staten Island, employed a faithful Irish nurse to attend him, and went down every day to see him. One day as he approached the hotel, the nurse met him near the door, saying, 'Indade sir, he's very bad he wants the priest.' Mr E. sent for the Dutch clergyman, and immediately entered Col. Burr's room. He found him struggling with death, all he could understand was 'CALL THE PRIEST, CALL THE PRIEST!' The nurse soon returned with a *Catholic* priest, but he did not enter the room. My————added with a shudder, it was a fearful scene, and I never wish to speak of it again. My mother told me, three months before he died, that Ogden Edwards mentioned precisely the same circumstance to her.

"We would gladly that that grave should hide all the dark catalogue but the life of Col. Burr is a study of no mean interest and importance, and is it not of fearful import that the shoal upon which so gifted a being was wrecked should be discovered.'

Such is the testimony that has now been developed, and although it merely lift the curtain for a moment upon the last hours of Burr, that moment is sufficient to show us the dying sinner struggling with the great enemy, and calling help from the religion he had all his life trampled under foot.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, Nov. 6, 1858.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT, } EDITORS.

Corresponding Editors.

ROB. G. STAPLES, Portsmouth, Va.
WILLIAM R. HUNTER, South Carolina,

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

TERMS:

1 Copy one year		$ 2.00
6 Copies	"	10.00
10 "	"	15.00
50 "	"	(to one address,) 50.00

☞ No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. ☜

☞ Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

THE MURDERER'S DAUGHTER will be commenced in the next number of the Times, and be continued the ballance of this volume. All new subscribers wishing to have the numbers from the first week, should send in their names immediately. We know of several new clubs forming, and to be certain of the chapters from the first, names should be sent as fast as obtained. Only a few extra copies of the last story now on hand.

RICHMOND AGENCY:—J. W. Evans of Richmond, Virginia, will receive subscriptions to the Times. See his Card under the proper head. Would like to have Agents in all the Southern Cities. Will furnish circulars, with their Cards, free of expense.

Important to Farmers.

We do not pretend to very great practical knowledge of the science of Agriculture; yet we have our own opinions, observations and experience on the subject. Many who call themselves *farmers*, are committing great sin against coming generations, on account of their miserable abuse of the soil.

Part of their crime may be set down to their extreme ignorance, and a part doubtless, to their wilful rejection of all the improvements of the age. While many do not know how to cultivate the soil to advantage, others are so set in their ways of error as to follow the same old ways and use the same old style of *plows* which their "Daddies and Grand-Daddies" used before them. They will not improve.—They cordially hate all new things.

But with the wiser and better class of farmers, great interest is manifested in every new invention that is designed to aid them in cultivating the soil to advantage.

We would call the attention of *such farmers* to a *Sub-soil-turn plow*, patented by Grey Utley, Esq., of North Carolina.—This plow will break the land as *deep* as necessary and at the same time, *turn* as much or as little of the surface as may be desired.

Mr. Utley has recently taken the premium, at Nashville, Tennessee and at Atlanta Georgia, besides at several county Fairs. And we are glad to learn that he is realizing pecuniary profit for his valuable invention. North Carolina should reward the genious of her own sons.

The Fair in Richmond.

The National Fair held in Richmond last week, is said to be a much smaller affair than some others which have preceded it; not near as many articles were placed on exhibition as was expected. A correspondent writing us from Richmond says, "Our Fair was very poor to what we anticipated—great general disappointment." This, the Enquirer says, is mainly attributable to the tax of ten per cent. on premiums, imposed under the general regulations of the National Society. While not so many articles are exhibited, still the Enquirer thinks that the superior character of what *are* placed on exhibition, makes up for the less in number.

LEARNING BY EXPERIENCE.—It is said that in consequence of the lamentable destruction by fire of the steamer Austria, the British Admiralty have directed their attention to the necessity of using every precaution to prevent the possibility of so fearful a calamity occurring on board any of the British steamships, and have issued orders for experiments to be made with Horsey's patent, which consist of a steam cock at the top of the boiler from which pipes extend all over the ship; so that if fire should occur in any part of a vessel it may, by simply turning the cock, be deluged with steam and extinguished.

☞ Dr. Grier has resigned the Presidency of Erskine College at Due West, S. C., and Rev. Jno. Miller of Alabama has been elected in his place.

The Synod of the Associate Reformed Church, recently in session at Due West, resolved to establish a Theological Seminary, and elected Dr. Grier Professor of Theology and Pres. E. E. Pressley Prof. of L[illegible].

Our Table.

N. C. JOURNAL EDUCATION.—The November number of the Journal is out, and we believe it presents one of the most attractive pages of contents of any number during the year. We notice the committee of publication is making arrangements for an increased circulation the next year. We hope they may succeed, the Journal ought to visit every School District in the State. The Resident Editor has the following:

THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE JOURNAL.—The Committee appointed, by the State Educational Association, to make the necessary arrangements for the continued publication of the Journal, met in our office on the 23rd of October, and made the preliminary arrangements for the next year, so far as such arrangements can be made, until those who wish to see the Journal prosper let us know what they are going to do for its support.

The Journal is the property of the Association; should any profits arise from its publication they go into its treasury; and if it is not sustained, the Association must bear the loss. The action of the committee will of course bind the Association, and we therefore call upon all the members to exert themselves and endeavour to prevent the Association from being encumbered with a debt. Let each of our readers try to send us five or ten subscribers, at ONE DOLLAR each, and we will be able to pay all the expenses of publishing the Journal and may have a surplus. We would like to have as many subscriptions as possible sent in by the first or middle of December, that we may know how many copies to have printed. We would not like to have two thousand copies printed and get but one thousand subscribers, nor would we like to have but one thousand printed and have orders for two thousand. The committee determined to make the subscription price ONE DOLLAR when five copies, or more, are ordered at one time and for all additional copies ordered afterwards, and TWO DOLLARS for a single copy, because they feel sure that any one who wishes to extend the circulation of the Journal can easily get four of his friends to subscribe.

DUDLEY OBSERVATORY.—A week or two since, we received through the mails, a copy of the Report of the Trustees of the Dudley Observatory, which contains a patient, truthful and elaborate history of the institution, from its commencement. We regret exceedingly, that there should have been any difficulty between the Trustees and the officers of the Observatory, or that any prejudices, jealousies, *incompetency*, or other cause, should have existed to disturb the deliberations and arrest the progress of the "*Scientific Council*," in carrying forward the noble and praiseworthy objects of this magnificent enterprise. We trust that all will soon be made right, and that the institution will be rendered exceedingly prosperous under the direction of a wise, efficent and competent management.

NEW MUSIC:—"The Angels Told me so, Duet and Chorus," published by Horace Waters, 333 Broadway, New York. This beautiful piece of music, for a copy of which we are indebted to the publisher, had its origin as follows, as given in a note: "A beautiful incident occured in a family near the city of N. Y. a short time since. A son, some eight or nine years of age, laid very ill, and had been so for some days, when a little brother, between six and seven years old, came into the house, and said to his mother, 'Allie (the sick brother,) is going away where we can't see him. He is going to heaven; two little angels came and told me he was going, but he would come back and see me after he went away.' In a day or two Allie's spirit took its departure. His little brother supposed he had departed bodily. Previous to the funeral, his father took the child into the room to see the body, and explain to him his mistake. When he entered the room, he exclaimed, 'Oh! there's Alle; the little angels told me he would come back and see me.'"

The music will be sent by mail, free of postage, for 25 cents.

PETERSON'S COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR and BANK NOTE LIST is corrected by Drexel & Co., the well known *Bankers and Brokers*, and is the best Detector of Counterfeit or Altered Notes, published in this country. The November number, issued this day, fully describes *Eighty-six New Counterfeits*, and contains a facsimile engraving of a bogus Bank Note that is being altered to various Banks all over the country, and which is being put into extensive circulation. It also contains several pages of other valuable information of every thing appertaining to Bank Notes. We have no hesitation in pronouncing it the most complete, reliable and best publication of the kind in the United States. It should be in the hands of every storekeeper in the whole country, and we would advise all such to send One Dollar in a letter, for a year's subscription, to the publishers, and thus subscribe for it at once. It is published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

MASONIC CYCLOPEDIA.—Encyclopedia of Freemasonry and its kindred Sciences, embracing the whole range of the Arts and Sciences, as connected with the Institution; Jurisprudence, Bibliography, Orders of Knighthood, Biography, Heraldry, Rites, History, Ethics, Mythology, Technology, Literature, Philosophy, &c., &c. By Albert G. Mackey, M. D., author of "Lexicon of Freemasonry," "Principles of Masonic Law," "Book of the Chapter," &c., Editor of the American Masonic Quarterly, &c. Assisted by distinguished writers of Europe and America. Robert Macoy, 20 Beekman street, New York.

We are pleased to learn that the preparations for the appearance and publication of this long intended and well con- we may expect soon the opportunity of examining a specimen, and giving full particulars and details of the prospectus. This work has been the subject of patient and varied inquiries, studies and correspondence for years, and will be crowning, in perfection and value—although not the last in time, we hope—of the labors of the distinguished editor.

It will be issued in the best style of the printing art, and with the best materials—in extra large 8vo.—with double columns of clear and legible letter, and in parts, at prices to bring it within the means of every mason.—*Charleston Courier.*

THE NATIONAL VICES.—The Philadelphia *Evening Journal*, a paper edited with dignity and ability, has the following article on the proclivities to politics of the citizens of this country, which it properly calls our national vice. It says:

The national vice is politics. Young men with health and hope for brave and generous deeds, who might easily be well-doers for the world and themselves; who might make footmarks in the paths of high honor and ambition, turn aside from the grand purposes and kindly ministries of early life, from all that is really ennobling and profitable, and blather politics. Bad whisky, rough caresses, dismal and dirty jokes, pot-house fumes, the glare, shouts and vulgar gab of mass meetings, and all mean and scurvy tricks, are their portion. They learn, in a hurry, to be loud, unclean, and unscrupulous, without remorse. They feel the fullest pride and the most profound complacency with their cleverness and importance, when they are making the most noise.

The clink of glasses, tossed high to the health and victory of their "man" and the glory of "the cause," is sweeter music to their ears, than the low home tones of love and contentment, than the sister's song, the good mother's benediction. Have they a daily work to do? It is let alone. They fly the workshop, the counting-house, the study, the store. Is the privilege their's of having others dependent upon them for the means of existence? They throw it away, and become beasts and brutes to those who need their love, sympathy and support—inflamed as they are with the horrid patriotism of the tavern, the club-room and the speaker's stand. The indulgence in the fascinating vice soon gets to be all to them of happiness, and their earthly hope is bounded by conventions, caucuses and polls. If by chance they survive the hot drink and fierce dissipation incident to a campaign, they will be professional politicians. Is there a drearier sight on earth than this pimpled and pot-bellied fellow, who smells rank, and who is seen of men hard at it, his arms sawing the air, and his eyes wild with alcoholic zeal, at the street corner, in the low groggery, wherever there is a vote to catch or a dishonest penny to turn?

Is it not a vice? Think of the belle-wives of aspiring Senators canvassing the country with winning smiles and gracious words! Think of the lobby we heard about last winter when the people's representatives were in Washington assembled! Look at the board fences and the brick walls! Hear the clang proceeding out of yonder frantic four-horsed omnibus! Watch the faces of the crowd who have come to yonder "grand rally" as the waves come when navies are stranded! The fever consumes us slowly but surely. It has seized our national vitals—honor and industry—and they are withering away. It is destroying our domestic peace and comfort. We have no art—how can so frail and sensitive a plant flourish in the shadow of the Upas, Politics? Our music is the brawl of the stump, when it is not the hum of business. Our home love is all going to ashes. An election cannot come too often; we care not of what, constable or President, so it be an election. Where will it all end? Let philosophers work out the problem.

PRIVATE CORNER.

MARCUS:—Thank you for the Riddle, Enigma and Questions. Phonography would be very cheap and convenient, if it was generally known; but it does look like spending useless time for one to learn, when no one else could read what is written. We doubt whether it will ever come into general use, as it lacks that beauty to the eye of the present style of writing, and the beauty of the eye goes a long ways in popularizing..... A. H.—Your experience is not an isolated case. And we beg to give it for the benefit of others. "Speaking of Northern papers, I will tell you what I did last Winter. Having seen a flourishing Prospectus of a New York paper, offering great inducements to agents, I sent for a copy—made up a club—sent the money out of my own pocket, and that was the last of it. No paper came—my money was gone. And although I have written to them several times, I have never heard one word from them. That is my last on that score. I send no more money across the Mason and Dixon Line, without a Southern man to take care of it. My motto is now—"Encourage Southern Institutions." Money sent through the mail, if mailed by the Post Master, is at our risk.....W. B. Smith:—"Where is my home?" and "Hope" are two pretty poems and are on file for an early insertion.....PONINGOE:—Glad to hear from you again. There is so much *life* in your pen we always feel *invigorated* by reading its traces. And are you really in earnest when you say: "I intend hereafter to give you something every week?" Glad the "Times" is always so warmly welcomed, and that you "deem it equal to the best of the Northern papers in point of literary excellence." * * * * "I am glad to learn that you intend to make an octavo of it—'twill be a great improvement, and one that should make the hearts of every Southron to dance a hornpipe with joy. Success to you."..... W. S. L.—Your letter is just right. Intended writing you, but had not time. Glad to learn "the new subscribers are much pleased."

CLOSE OF THE YELLOW FEVER SEASON.—The Howard Association of New Orleans announce that the yellow fever no longer exists there as an epidemic. The same is probably the case in all the Southern Seaports that have been subjected to this visitation. There will, however, be more or less fever for some time, and strangers and unacclimated will run a decided risk until after frost.

A NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY.—The London *Star* says:

The Philological Society have issued a prospectus of the new English dictionary which is to be brought out under their auspices. It will be remembered that about a year ago the society resolved to form a collection of words hitherto unregistered in the dictionaries of Johnson and Richardson, with a view to the publication of a supplementary volume, which might be used with either of these works. A committe was appointed, and circulars issued inviting co-operation. The result was that upwards of 100 collectors voluntarily offered their services, which gave such encouragement that it was determined, at the meeting of the society in January of the present year, that, instead of the contemplated supplement, a new dictionary of the English language should be prepared under the authority of the society. The work has been entrusted to two committees—the one literary and historical, and the other etymological. The object of the prospectus is to lay the plan of the work before the public, and to ask from that public such further help in the reading and noting of books as will enable the plan to be satisfactorily carried out.

OUR DIPLOMATISTS ABROAD.—The *True Delta* has the following hard hit at our system of foreign representation:

"Of all the absurd, expensive and nonsensical shams in which our Government is singularly allowed by the people to indulge, that of keeping a batch of resident Ministers, on pitiful salaries, to represent the United States at foreign courts, is the most egregious. Generally speaking, the ridiculousness of the proceeding is seen in the circumstance that the persons usually selected are alike ignorant of the language, customs, manners and habits of the peoples to whom they are accredited—men of desperate political fortunes, broken-down congressmen, or governors, or other pensionaries of faction, or else the selection is made from among the parvenue class of traders, the purse proud, inflated, presumptuous and half educated political hybrids, of New England, or the Middle States, to enable them and their bedizened feminine accompaniments to show off their finery and vulgarity of foreign courts, among an aristocracy who laugh at their ignorance, deride their silly airs and pretensions, despise their acquaintance and shun, as they would the plague or leprosy, their contact and association."

There is unfortunately too much truth in the above—too much for the honor and dignity of a great republic.—*N. O. Delta.*

THE CALIFORNIA OVERLAND MAIL.—St. Louis Oct, 27th.—the overland mail from California arrived here to-day; letters to 1st. Oct. were brought; but no passengers.

A battle took place at the Four Lakes in Oregon on the first of September, between three hundred troops under Col. Wright, and five hundred Indians. The latter were completely rousted; seventeen were killed and many wounded. The troops sustained no loss whatever.

The Oregon Legislature met at Salem on the 13th of September and adjourned *sine die*, thus giving up the formation of a State organization until the Territory is regularly admitted into the Union by Congress. Several attempts have been made to fire the town of Portland.

MEDICINE FOR STUDENTS.—When Dr. Griffin was Professor in Andover Theological Seminary, he invited the students to his room, and told them that he had observed they were growing thin and dyspeptic from a neglect of the exercise of Christian laughter, and insisted that they should then go through a company drill in it. He was a very large man, over six feet in height, and of ministerial manners. Breaking out into a sonorous laugh, he fairly obliged his pupils, one by one, to join, till they were all almost convulsed. "That will do for once," said he; "and now mind you keep in practice." The doctor was practising upon the principle of Solomon, who said: "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

RALEIGH AND GASTON RAILROAD.—We learn from the Standard that the receipts on this Road for the year ending October, 1858, were

From Freights	$149,551 65
" Passengers	72,628 67
" Mail	9,900 00
Total,	$232,080 22

Being an increase on freights of $21,132 07, and on passengers of $1,031 66—total increase for the year $25,163 73; leaving a balance on hand over expenditures of $76,573 59. The Directors have declared an annual dividend of 6 per cent., and appropriated $8,000 to the Sinking Fund.

Cruelty in the Navy.

When the practice of flogging in the U. S. Navy was abolished, it was feared and predicted that more cruel methods of punishment would be resorted to by officers of ships. W. Sherman, Surgeon to the ship-of-war Dale, publishes a card, in which he protests against punishing sailors by confining them in what is called "sweat boxes," with their hands in irons behind them, and thus kept for 10 or 12 hours without food or drink. These "sweat boxes" are 6 or 7 feet high, 17½ inches wide and 13 inches deep. The heat is kept at a temperature of over 100 degrees. The Doctor says that on opening one of these boxes, a man who had been confined therein fell forward on his face in an almost dying condition. He addresses his card to the commanding officer of the African squadron and expresses the opinion that such punishment is cruel and inhuman.

But for thus taking the part of the poor sailor, Dr. Sherman has been denounced by the officers of the squadron and arraigned before a court martial of said officers and dismissed for his impertinence! The Dr. has appealed from this decision to the Secretary of the Navy, and we hope Mr. Sec'y Toucey will reinstate him and examine into the conduct of the officers.—*Char. Dem.*

ARKANSAS ELECTON.—LOUISVILLE, Oct., 27th.—The returns from Arkansas are all in, except from one District, and the Legislature stands as follows:—House Democrats 39, Republicans 40.—Senate: Democrats 21, Republicans 15.

Climate and Mental Energy.

Of late years the characteristics and qualities of the various races of men have received a large share of attention. Many ages ago the different species of animals and plants, and even the heavenly bodies were the objects of study, but it is only of late that the peculiarities of the several races of men have become the subjects of investigation, and that this branch of science, most important to man, has made remarkable progress. It is, we believe, generally conceded, that a colder climate is promotive of mental strength and activity; while the more torrid climate produced a mental lassitude. The investigation of this subject is highly interesting and will lead to very important results in human progress. Upon this subject we find an interesting paragraph in Mr. Clingman's recent address before the State Agricultural Society:

The climate of North-Carolina as a whole is eminently favorable. I know that different opinions prevail in many quarters, and so much is said in these days of *northern energy* and *southern indolence* that you will doubtless pardon a few remarks tending to dispel a singular delusion. I maintain then that during nine-tenths of the existence of man on the globe, as historically known, the destinies of the world have been controlled by nations occupying territories, having as warm climates as our own. According to the settled opinion of the learned, when man was first created, he was placed by Providence in such a climate, and it would be singular indeed, if when he was commanded to multiply and replenish the earth, he should have been placed by his Creator in an unfavorable location. Egypt, where man seems first to have attained a high state of civilization, and India had tropical climates. The four great empires of antiquity were, in their centres, subjected to ranges of temperature as high as ours. Babylon and Persepolis were nearer the equator than the most southern point of North-Carolina, while Ninevah was below its northern limit, and the hearts of the Assyrian and Persian empires were subjected to a warmer climate than ours. And Greece and Rome, too, were lands of the olive, the vine and the fig tree, and possessed temperatures as high as our own. What people ever exhibited more spirit, energy and enterprise than the Greeks in their Persian wars and Asiatic invasions? Where has the world seen such an example of long sustained strength and energy, as was manifested by the Romans, when they held for so many centuries the best portions of the known world from Scotland down to the great African desert? After the decay and fall of their empire, there began under the tropic of Cancer, a movement headed by Mahomet, which swept over the earth with the rapidity of a flame of fire, subjecting the principal parts of it to its control. A high state of civilization, was kept up for centuries at Bagdad and Cordova, the capitals of the principal branches of the Saracen's dominions. After their decline, and the overthrow of the Greek empire of Constantinople, the period of Spanish ascendency began. It thus appears that it is only during the last two or three centuries, that the so-called northern nations have had control of the world. The extraordinary popular error which so generally prevails on this subject is due doubtless, mainly to the fact that to the minds of the majority of men, the present is everything, and the past, however long it may have been, goes for nothing. It, in part too, may be accounted for by the well known circumstance, that the old Roman empire in the period of its decay was overrun by bands of barbarians from the north. But at that time the strength of the Romans was gone, having been distroyed by their vices, and the despotisms to which they had been subjected. In fact, they had long ceased to be a military people, or to bear arms, and had been accustomed to hire these barbarians to defend them. That they should have fallen a prey to them is no more wonderful than that a decrepid giant, after a century of vice and dissipation, should have been overpowered by a stripling. There can be no doubt but that any one of the half a dozen such armies as the Roman republic was able to keep in the field at the same time, would have been able to beat any horde of barbarians that ever crossed the frozen Danube.

I would not disparage or undervalue the intellect, talent, energy exhibited by the northern nations in our day. But Honor still stands the monarch of Poetry. All attempts to equalize others with him, but serve to show their lamentable inferiority. Demosthenes and Cicero are still the models to which the student in oratory is pointed. Who has exhibited more capacity for metaphysical science than Aristottle, or greater genius for mechanical philosophy than Archimedes? Whose works of art surpass those of Phidias and Michael Angelo? Who as moralists have been superior to Socrates and St. Paul? What navigators were more enterprising and daring than Christopher Columbus and Vasco do Gama?—Who as warriors, statesmen and possessors of universal genius and talent, rank above Julius Caesar and Napoleon Bonaparte? The catalogue might be indefinately extended, by references, both to Europe and the United States, but until these names are overshadowed, it cannot be truthfully said that a northern clime is necessary to develope the highest degree of human courage, talent, energy and intellect.

LADIES, WHY DON'T YOU MARRY?—The statistics of various hospitals show that the unmarried are more than four times as liable to become insane as those that are married. The many young ladies in our city, who effect great indifference to the subject of matrimony, will no doubt, on learning the above information, consent to take partners merely to preserve their intellects unimpaired. One of our lady friends says: 'There is nothing like getting married to bring young ladies to their senses.'—*Norfolk Day-Book.*

SAD ACCIDENT.—A printer by the name of Ohr was fatally injured last week at Pekin, Ill., by the premature discharge of a cannon. He was engaged in loading the ordinance when it discharged, the ramrod taking off both of his hands. The wad struck him in the abdomen, burning him severely, and the flame from the explosion burnt out his eyes and otherwise injured him. Another gentleman lost his left thumb, and was otherwise slightly injured.

Female Education in Virginia.

For years and years the opinion has existed that females are not susceptible of as great a degree of cultivation as males, and no where has this opinion obtained a stronger hold than in this Commonwealth. Indeed, so strongly has this opinion prevailed, that nothing but the clearest and most unmistakable demonstration to the contrary, has induced a change in public sentiment, in regard to it. Men seemed to consider, that as woman was intended to act in a certain sphere only, that the great requisites to complete education should be neglected, and that the mere rudiments of the most common character, would suffice for females. Although, to a certain extent, public opinion (indeed we might say for the most part,) has undergone a change in regard to this matter, yet there are to day those in Virginia, who are so hide-bound, and who hold with such pertinacity to the prejudices of the olden time, that they still deny to their daughters that cultivation which is fitting and proper for intellectual beings to possess, and which it is wholly within their (the parents) means to afford. The old idea, that woman is by nature inferior to man, is only true in a restricted sense. That they are physically weaker no man can deny—that they are dependant upon man in many things, is equally true—but this we contend is confined to their physical, and not to their mental natures. It is no argument in favor of the superiority of man, to say that but few women ever attain to any great degree of celebrity, and those who do are exceptional cases. It should be remembered that the prejudices of men have prevented their entering the lists as successful competitors for the palm of knowledge—man has denied them that privilege which he enjoys, of enlarging the intellect, and expanding the rest of the mental organs by education. The greatest advantages of education are to train the intellect, to give food to and develop the mind, and to show forth these qualities, which nothing but a peculiar training will ever bring to light.

There are instances of the greatness of woman, as displayed under disadvantageous circumstances, which the noblest examples in male character have scarcely equaled, and still less excelled—and these under circumstances when both might have been upon an equality. Why then, is it, that we occasionally find a woman of noble intellect and fine attainments? They are exceptions it is true, (as from circumstances they are compelled to be such,) but it is either because accident enabled them, or misfortune compelled them to obtain an education for the purpose of securing a livelihood, or else they possess a firmness engendered by peculiar circumstances, which the bigotry of man would assign them, and so over-stepped the bounds, and vindicated their rights to equality.

The revolution which we have before spoken of in regard to female education in Virginia, as well as others of the Southern States, has been productive of so many apparent results, that it would be useless to mention them. But the fact is plain, that improvement in female education has not been commensurate with the general strides of civilization and refinement. It is still too much the case that even in our best schools, the more useful branches of female education are neglected, and the lighter accomplishments substituted for the real. Grammar, History, Mathematics, Botany and Chemistry, are made to give place to a smattering of Italian or French, a feint attempt at a scientific bang, on a piano, or a lame effort at ornamental painting, or some such thing. It is well enough, nay, we will say it is important, to learn such things, but they should be subsidiary, to other accomplishments; in other words, the place of substantial and real acquirements. To fit one for the duties of life, something more than mere flimsy attainments are requisite. And when the present system of female education, good though it be, is improved upon and enlarged, the sex will be appreciated as it should be, and woman can then take her rank as the equal of man, which nature intended that she should do.

We earnestly desire to see an improved change in female education in Virginia, and it is indeed time that parents, as well as teachers, were beginning to appreciate more highly the native talent of the sex, and to so direct that talent, that the best practical results may flow from it in after life.—*Danville Republican.*

Public Debt of the United States.

The New York *Times* says that a brief epitome of the public debt, since the foundation of the Constitution, by contrast with the next most important commercial power in the world, will illustrate the faith and ability of the Government, not only to contract but to pay off by purchase its public loans.

Public Debt of the United States.

1789—Funded after the Revolution	$75,463,476
1811—Outstanding on the eve of war	45,209,737
1816—After second war	127,334,934
1835—Twenty years' reduction to	37,513
1835—After Mexican war, &c.	76,065,746
1852—Five years' reduction to	59,803,134
1858—Increased by deficit to come to	64,769,137

Thus, since the foundation of the Government, we find several reductions of the public debt by purchase and redemption, first to the extent of thirty millions, then to the extent of one hundred and twenty-seven millions, and lastly to the extent, in five years, by purchase at a high premium, of fifty one millions. The present debt, including the ten millions just negotiated, stands twenty millions less than at the close of the Revolution, or on the adoption of the Constitution, when the whole population of this country was only 4,049,000 souls, as against 29,700,000 souls in 1858.

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY IN NEW YORK.—A horrible attempt at massacre was made in west 30th street on Tuesday last. A young man named Goulding, whose father is a lumber merchant, attacked his father with an axe, breaking his skull and inflicting a mortal wound. His mother came to the assistance of her husband, and was badly wounded.

Two brothers, aged respectively 3 and 13 years, were next attacked—the eldest being mortally wounded. A married sister, with a babe in her arms, was next attacked, but not seriously injured. Two servant girls were horribly wounded—the recovery of both being doubtful.

The perpetrator of this horrid act is only nine-teen years of age. He was a clerk in a store, but very dissipated.

After the slaughter he locked himself in his room and blew his brains out.

☞ Texas has 142 miles of railroad finished, 97½ under contract, and 273 already graded.

Telegraphic Communication with Europe.

Many of our cotemporaries seem to give up in despair, because the first attempt at telegraphic communication with the old world seems to have failed. For our own part, we see no reason even to repine. The great *doubt* has been solved. It has been proved that a wire can be laid upon the bottom of the ocean. Who can doubt that other experiments will follow, and that the enterprise will at last be successful? He who does so knows nothing of the Anglo Saxon race—its mighty energy, its indomitable perseverence, the readiness with which it recovers from failure, the expedients which it always finds to turn disaster itself into success. Even now, new companies are talked of, and preparations made to renew the enterprise so nearly successful.

But, in the meantime, a new enterprise, for the same purpose, and, in our opinion, every way more promising has been broached. It is to connect this continent with the old world by way of Behring's Straits. Those Straits are only thirty-six miles wide, and a wire can be easily stretched across it. It is frozen in the winter, which indicates a sluggish current. Now, in California they are constructing a line from Placerville to Carson's Valley, with the view of extending it to Salt Lake City, and thence to the Missouri. A company has also been chartered to run another line from San Francisco, *via* Monterey and San Jose, to Texas. In the meantime, we learn by the *Invalide Russe*, published at St. Petersburg, that it is in contemplation to unite Europe with America by a telegraph across the Russian possessions, and that the telegraph now extending from St. Petersburg to Moscow, is to be extended to the frontiers of China. Thus the great object sought will be secured, even if it be found impossible to overcome the difficulties presented by the Atlantic ocean. The route is very long, to be sure, but it has this advantage over the Atlantic telegraph: As many relays as are desirable can be procured: the whole distance, with the exception of Behring's Straits, being by land, whereas the capabilities of a wire so long as that just laid down, without any relay, may be seriously doubted.

We regard this as infinitely the best chance. Every foot of the land over which the telegraph will pass will lie within the dominions of Russia, England and the United States, and will consequently be at all times under the powerful protection of these great powers. There is already a great emigration to the Amoor country, since its acquisition by Russia. All things considered, we think we may flatter ourselves with hearing every day from Liverpool, if we live five years longer.—*Richmond Whig.*

Departure of Gen. Paez.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29.—Gen. Paez, accompanied by Gen. Henan and other members of the Venezuelan and Granadian delegation, visited Gen. Cass and the President to-day. Gen. Paez said he came to bid farewell to this nation through its President. He considered the United States his second home, and expressed the hope that their sympathies would be bestowed upon him in his exile, and he extended to Venezuela. The high respect and gratitude he felt for the United States would daily increase at our own fireside, and when justice and the good name of the United States required it, his friendship would be abundantly manifested, as a tribute he owed this people, whose illustrious chief now received his adieu.

The President in reply, said he was happy to see the man who achieved a great name in the Columbian war of independence, and who made so many sacrifices for his country. Paez being known as the defender of constitutional liberty, it was gratifying to the President that he had received the nation's sympathies, and with all his heart he wished him triumphant success on his return to Venezuela. He hoped her liberties would be consolidated under so eminent a leader, and if difficulties should arise between the two countries, he entertained no doubt that they would be amicably adjusted.

Gen. Paez dines with the President and also with Gen. Cass before his departure.

As an evidence of friendship and respect for our government, he returns to Venezuela in one of our national vessels.

OSCAR M. LIEBER, Esq., State Surveyor in Mineralogy, Geology and Agriculture, made his first appearance as a lecturer, in the opening lecture of the Cheraw Lyceum, on the 20th inst.

We are gratified rather than surprised in learning that Mr. Lieber acquitted himself with more than creditable success and satisfaction. The *Cheraw Gazette* gives a discriminative report, and predicts for Mr. Lieber "an enviable reputation as a writer and lecturer." We congratulate the Cheraw Lyceum on the courageous taste of their committee in selecting a young lecturer, and we cordially congratulate the lecturer on the success of the effort.—*Charleston Courier.*

GEN. WM. WALKER, the renowned fillibuster, passed through this place on Thursday night last on his way North. He is a very mild looking man to make so much noise about.

Every once in a while they renew the report that Walker is going to try his hand at Nicaragua again. There may be a motive in circulating these rumors, viz: to get the government to put no faith in the report, like the cry of "wolf" in the fable, when he will actually pounce upon the coveted land and take possession. It is said that Walker is now preparing an expedition, well supplied with men and money, to invade Nicaragua, and that it is attracting serious consideration in Washington city. It is further said that if the U. States does not resist these movements that Great Britain will, and prevent the landing of fillibusters on the shores of Nicaragua.—*Char. Dem.*

SAVE YOUR RAGS:—There are in the United States seven hundred and fifty paper mills in actual operation, having three thousand engines, and producing in the year two hundred millions of pounds of paper, which is worth, say, ten cents per pound, or some twenty-seven millions of dollars. To produce this quantity of paper, over four hundred millions pounds of rags are required, one and a quarter pounds of rags being necessary to make one pound of paper. The value of these rags, estimating them at four cents per pound, is over sixteen million dollars.

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1st, 1858.

The National Agricultural Fair at Richmond—The Oration of Hon. Caleb Cushing—President's Proclamation concerning filibusters—The Strakosch Opera Troupe—The Washington National Monument—Water for the citizens of Washington.

November has opened beautifully upon us after some heavy rains which were of great service in laying the dust with which our city abounded after a long dry spell of weather. Numbers of our citizens have been absent from the City during the past week on a visit to the National Agricultural Fair which has just closed in Richmond. They report that the display of blooded stock of all kinds, of agricultural implements &c., was very imposing, and that the Fair, taken as a whole, was a complete success. The oration of Hon. Caleb Cushing of Mass. on the occasion is universally pronounced to be a master piece. He advocates therein the peaceful acquisition of Cuba and the interposition of our Government to settle the affairs of unhappy Mexico, now so distracted by internal broils.

The President yesterday issued a proclamation in regard to the expected filibustering expedition of Walker to Nicaragua. He notices the fact of bonds having been sold pledging the public lands of Nicaragua, and presumes a hostile intent on the part of the filibusters from the fact that these bonds could have no possible value except in the event of the overturn of the present Government of that State. After reciting further proofs of the expedition being contemplated, the President concludes by warning all the civil and military officers of the U. S. Government to be on the alert to suppress by every means within their power all such illegal enterprises.

The Strakosch Opera Troupe which for some time past has been all the rage in New York has last week favored Washington with three performances. The Operas were *Il Trovatore, La Traviata,* and *Lucia di Lammermoor.* In the first Mlle Parodi, long since a favorite here, appeared as prima donna. In the second the *role* of *Violetta* was sustained by the incomparable Madame Colson. The great attraction of the third was the appearance of the great American Prima Donna, Madame Cora de Wilhorst. Altogether the Washington public which contains no inconsiderable number of musical celebrities, seemed delighted with the performances, each of which was crowded to excess.

The new Board of Managers of the Washington Monument have gone to work in good earnest and work will speedily be resumed upon the noble, though unfinished pile.

Our Corporate Authorities are at last bestirring themselves in order to obtain for the Citizens the use of the water which will soon be introduced into the city for the benefit of the Government and its public buildings. It is as yet doubtful whether their attempts will be successful; at all events the subject will be brought before Congress at an early day in the coming session. Q.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C. Nov. 1st, 1858.

Fair week, its impressions and results—The R. & G. R. R.—Its new President—The Press of the country, necessity of self restraint—Woodbury, the eminent Composer—A novel incendiary—Balls to be given.

Dear Times:—The Fair has left so many and such agreeable impressions upon us, that we cannot afford thus early to ignore it and we hope your benevolent readers will pardon us a few more last words. We leave to more skilful hands than ours the pleasant task of describing the soiree at St. Mary's, how beautiful all the young ladies looked, how they gladdened our desolate hearts by their smiles and how more than one can look back on that evening as the "one bright isle in memory's waste." Our pen turns from these scenes, where it would most willingly linger, to more practical matters.

On motion of Gen. Winslow, the Agricultural Society resolved to appoint *agents* in each county in the State to forward their interests and urge their claims on the attention of the community; they are to procure annual and life memberships and receipt therefor. This is a most important step, fraught with incalculable blessings to the State generally; which county will send up the largest subscription and reap the largest share in the benefits? we predict that whichever one presents the largest list will show the best crops. Come up, gentlemen! whoever puts in the largest stake, draws the largest prize.

Another point of public interest was the decision that lady exhibitors are not required to pay the fee of $2; this matter has hitherto been in suspense; but as it is now definitely settled, we hope our fair contributors will bear it in mind and send on their offerings; they will always be gladly received.

It was also decided that no article can take two premiums, quite an animated discussion was had on this question and the views of the Executive Committee fully stated, which were that at their fair the best article absolutely, and another for the best made in North Carolina; this was done to encourage Home Industry, but of course the best in the field includes N. C. also. There will be more precision used in the Premium List next time, so as to avoid all doubt on this subject. Mr. Thompson, to whom were awarded two premiums, by an error of the Judges, returned one, under the ruling of Executive Committee. Messrs. Boyden also came in for a long list of premiums, the rewards of their efficient skill; we hope their plows may "turn up" something good to them every Fair.

The R. & G. R. R. Co. have just declared the handsome dividend of six per cent, for the year; there is hardly another road in the United States that can do as well. The Stockholders have been in session, in this City, during the week, and elected as Directors Messrs. G. W. Mordecai, C. L. Hinton, E. A. Crudup and S. C. Royster; the Governor then appointed on the part of the State Messrs. W. J. Hawkins, G. H. Wilder and C. H. K. Taylor. The Stockholders appointed all Whigs, the Executive, all Democrats: a spirited competition for the Presidency of course took place, which was terminated on Saturday morning, after numerous ballotings, by the electing of Major Wilder.

It is extremely harrowing for a refined person to read the papers, in our days; one can scarcely open one without a shudder; read it and you are seized with horror at the formidable list of murders, suicides, fires; all showing a bloody picture of the inhumanity of man to man.—It seems to us that the newspapers are radically wrong in pandering to the depraved taste which gloats over such detestable hell broth; better, far better that these outrages should not be noticed; let them be consigned to the blank oblivion, which is their merited doom. No sooner does a maniac son in New York commit wholesale butchery on his sleeping father, mother, brothers and the servant of the family, but some editor will be found immediately to issue a flaming extra, setting forth every circumstance, with the most minute particularity; the miserable penny is turned by the enterprising sheet, the community is sickened to its inmost soul by the horrid recital and in some unsuspecting mind the seeds are sown which will eventually ripen into similar deeds. Really this state of things is degrading, awful; and every virtuous man, for the sake of his sons, daughters, wives, sweethearts or friends, as the case may be, should indignantly denounce such wholesale corruption. Such proceedings cannot be defended on the score of news; for really those who are interested will, of course, find out some other way, whatever concerns them; and of the public, at large, not one in ten thousand is personally interested in the remotest degree. We are glad to say that there are some brilliant exceptions to these censures; the whole press of the country do not join in the hue and cry of a criminal, nor open the floodgates of abuse on some detected villian, nor make themselves the common receptacle of all the vile and filthy scandal, that floats through the world: the southern press generally does hold itself aloof, does not participate in mingling their Hecate caldron it would be the noblest deed of the press, as indeed it is of an individual, to impose restraint on itself; high and mighty and lifted up, as it is, almost above the law, let it be a law unto itself, and its glory is complete.

Mr. J. B. Woodbury, a music teacher and composer of some note, from Boston, passed through here some ten days since, on his way South, accompanied by his lady, seeking refuge from that terrible destroyer, the ruthless devastator of so much that is lovely and beautiful, Consumption. Within a few days after his departure, his widow brought back his remains on their way to their final resting place, in kindred clay.

Our friend Mr. Peck, came near losing his dwelling house, on Monday last, by a singular accident: the servant, in sweeping up the hearth, had set fire to the broom and, not noticing it, had set it in a corner, near a bedstead. Consequence, the broom was soon in a blaze, which communicated to the bed-tead and bedding, a pile of which happened to be thereon, burned them all up and but for timely assistance, the rusult would have been very serious; loss about $200.

The Norfolk folks intend complimenting their guests with a "Grand Harvest fete, to be given under the auspices of the Seaboard Agricultural Society" during their Fair, while our Charlotte friends indulge themselves in "a party complimentary to Hon. J. W. Ellis and Lady," at the opening of their Fair.

Yours, &c., P. S. S.

An Alabama Manufacturing Village.

People who imagine that a single, isolated manufactory, here and there, is the best that the South can produce in that line, even at its best, will be agreeably disappointed to hear of an entire village in Alabama being devoted exclusively to manufactures. It is called Scottsville, and is situated in the North-western portion of Bibb county, near the river Catawba; between Centreville and Tuscaloosa, and to the South-east of the latter place some fifty or sixty miles.

The editor of the Selma (Ala.) Sentinel has been traveling, recently, in the neighborhood of Scottsville, and from what he heard of it, was induced to visit what he calls this thriving manufacturing little village.

Scottsville was originally known as the Tuscaloosa Manufacturing Company. It was incorporated by the Alabama Legislature in 1837, with a capital stock of $50,000, which sum was quickly subscribed by a number of capitalists in Tuscaloosa.

In May, 1837, the mills got to work, making coarse cotton cloths, but for some years they made no money. The company and the locality soon changed names and management; the latter coming into the hands of Mr. Scott as principal owner and director, and the place itself took the name of Scottsville. He immediately went to work making improvements and additions to the buildings, and machinery, and the mill soon paid dividends. The first $2,200 realized in 1841, was expended in a family of negroes to work in the factory. This family has so increased that the company values them at $10,000, and most of them are now working in the factory, and are very useful. The company have made several purchases of negroes with the profits of the factory, and negro labor is much employed by them.

The principal mill is a large brick building of three stories, with two wings, filled with the best machinery and employing over one hundred hands, of whom three-fourths are females. A large overshot wheel, driven by water, is the principal motor of the machinery. There are about 24,000 spindles and 50 looms at work.

Wool and cotton are both spun. The consumption of cotton averages 35,000 pounds per month, and $1,000 worth of yarns in the same time, together with a large quantity of linseys and a superior article of cotton sewing thread.

In 1841, the sum of $40,000 capital stock had been paid in. Every year since then a dividend of ten per cent, has been declared, which has been laid out in buying negroes, land, &c., adding to the buildings and machinery in the village, until the capital stock has increased to $117,000 of which $25,000 is in negroes and about $16,000 in goods in the company's store.

The company owns 3,000 acres of land and all the buildings on the place, which consist of the factory, a large hotel, the store, black-smith, carpenter, wheelwright, and boot and shoe shops, a saw mill, grist mill, large flouring mill, a church and a large number of cottages. No liquor is permitted in the village, and the company will not sell an inch of its land to any one. Its stock has long been over par, and its dividend this year will be at least twelve per cent.

So much for enterprise, governed by steadiness, perseverance and skill.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

North-Carolina Geographically.

North-Carolina has fifty thousand square miles of territory—just about the area of England. But while England, exclusive of Scotland and Wales, has a population of seventeen millions, North Carolina has barely one million. If this difference is not to continue, can we ever equal, or even approximate, the population of England? When at Washington, persons comparatively strangers to our State, often have said to me, "So you are from the piney region of North-Carolina." They sometimes seemed surprised when I told them that the section from which I came was more remote from that district covered with pines than Washington City itself, and even less like it in its external features. The fact that the principal lines of travel through our State have been along that comparatively narrow belt of level pine forest, has made most persons from abroad suppose that the whole State is of that character.

It was in the month of July, 1584, that the first Europeans who ever touched the shores of any one of the old thirteen States, approached the coast of North-Carolina, under the command of Amadas and Barlowe. In the report to Sir Walter Raleigh, drawn up by the latter, it is said that two days before they came in sight of the land. "We smelled so sweet and so strong a smell, as if we had been in the midst of some delicate garden, abounding with all kinds of odoriferous flowers." On reaching the land it was found "so full of grapes, as the very beating and surge of the sea overflowed them, of which we found such plenty, as well there as in all places else, both on the sand and on the green soil, on the hills as in the plains, as well on every little shrub, as also climbing the tops of high cedars, that I think in all the world the like abundance is not to be found: and myself having seen those parts of Europe that most abound, find such difference as were incredible to be written." Inside of the long narrow tract of islands, along which they coasted for two hundred miles, they found what "appeared another great sea," between them and the main land. Everywhere they were struck with surprise, as they beheld the variety, the magnitude and beauty of the forest trees, which not only surpassed those of Bohemia, Muscovia or Hercynia," but "bettering the cedars of the Azores, of the Indies, or Lybanus."

Two years later, after a residence of twelve months on the main land, with a party of colonists, Ralph Lane declared "the main to be the goodliest soil under the scope of heaven," "the goodliest and most pleasing territory in the world," "and the climate so wholesome, that we had not one sick since we touched the land here." He affirms that if it "had but horses and kine in some reasonable proportion, I dare assure myself, being inhabited with English, no realm in christendom were comparable to it. For this already, we find, that what commodities soever, Spain, France, or Italy, or the East parts do yield to us, &c.,—these parts do abound with the growth of them all, and sundry other rich commodities, that no parts of the world, be they West or East Indes, have, here we find the greatest abundance of."

When we contemplate North Carolina at the present day, we recognize the features, here described. There is on the coast the same long line of low sandy islands, probably formed by the deposits of sediment, where the fluvial waters from the interior are checked in their course by the opposing current of the Gulf stream. With the exception of the fine harbor of Beaufort, there are the same difficult inlets which terrified these early voyagers, and on their maps were marked with figures of sinking ships. Inside of the range, there are the same broad and shallow seas, most abundantly supplied with fish, and those other inhabitants of the deep, which are alike calculated to minister to the necessities and luxuries of mankind. On the "main" there are lands not inferior in fertility to the famous Deltas of the Nile, or the Mississippi. Cultivation for one hundred successive years, in the most exhausting of the grain crops, has not diminished their productiveness. Though it has cost something to render these swamplands suitable for cultivation, yet no agricultural investment ever made in America, perhaps, yields a better return, and this fact affords another illustration of the truth, that Providence has decreed that the best things in life shall cost labour to attain them. And yet, up to this time but a small proportion, many persons think not one fiftieth part of the swamp lands in the Eastern portion of the State, have been put into cultivation. When after the manner of Holland all this region shall have been reclaimed, the entire present population of the State might be removed to it, without being able to cultivate the half of it. Almost every portion of it, too, is penetrated by navigable streams. Passing inward a hundred miles or more from the coast, we reach that belt of pine land, which was formerly regarded as only valuable for its timber, and naval stores generally, but which later experiments show, may, without difficulty, be rendered highly productive. By the application of marl or lime, it has been ascertained that most of this region can be made to yield abundant crops both of cotton and the cereals. Westward of this, there stretches for two or thee hundred miles, a moderately elevated, undulating country, presenting almost every variety of landscape, soil and production. At its extreme borders, there rises up a mountainous region with bolder scenery and a more bracing climate. Few of our own citizens realize the extent of this district, or are aware of the fact, that it is three hundred miles in length, and has probably more than forty peaks, that surpass in altitude, Mount Washington, long regarded as the most elevated point in the Atlantic states. Though this region does not present the glacier fields and eternal snows of the Alps, yet their want is amply atoned for, by a vegetation rich as the tropics themselves can boast of.—Rocky masses, of immense height and magnitude and long ridges and frightful precipices are to be found, but the prevailing character of this section, is one of such fertility that the forest trees attain their most magnificent proportions on the sides, and even about the tops of the highest mountains. There too are to be seen, those strange treeless tracts, which the aboriginal inhabitants supposed to be the foot-prints of the "Evil one," as he stepped from mountain to mountain. Their smooth undulating surfaces, covered with waving grasses, suggest far different associations to the present beholders. The landscape is variegated too, by tracts of thirty and even forty miles in extent, covered with dense forests of the balsam fir trees, appearing in the distance dark as "the plumage of the raven's wing," and green carpets of fantic moss, and countless vernal flowers, among which the numerous species of the azalia the kalmia, and the rhododendron, especially contend in the variety, delicacy and brilliancy of their hues. From the sides of the mountains flow cold and limpid streams along broad and beautiful valleys. Though such a region as this can never weary the eye, its chief merit is, that almost every part of it is fitted to be occupiedby, and to minister to the wants of man.—*Chapman's Address.*

☞ Persons who wish to attend the S. C. State Fair at Columbia on the 9th inst., will be allowed to go and return over the Charlotte & S. C. Railroad for one fare.

A. P. Calhoun, Esq., President of the Society, is to deliver the annual Address.

Mad Dogs.

We understand that a vast number of rabid dogs have made their appearance in the counties of Stokes and Forsyth, N. C. A good many persons have been bitten, and the run on the "Mad Stone" owned by Joseph Pointer Esq., of Person county, N. C., (10 miles from Milton,) is said to be great. The latest cases were two men who left Hillsboro' for Mr. Pointer's last Tuesday. They were from Stokes, and the day they left Hillsboro' made the ninth day since, as they feared, their systems had absorbed mad dog virus. They had not been bitten, it seems, but one of them had a piece of skin knocked off the top part of one of his hands, while the other had a cut thumb—in this condition they were at work in the woods, when a favorite dog approached them having the appearance of being choked; they seized the dog and opened his mouth with the view of unchoking him, and in the effort they got the slobber of the dog on their wounds. The dog subsequently proved to be mad, and the men became alarmed and concluded to try the "Mad Stone," a stone which really possesses the virtues attributed to it, as we are assued by gentlemen of the highest respectability, no matter how some people laugh at it in derision.—*Milton Chronicle.*

MARRIED,

On the 19th of October, by Rev. Mr. Mebane, Mr. W. K. MEBANE, of Danville, Va., and Miss ELLEN C. daughter of Dr. T. F. Coyle, of Madison, N. C.

At Halifax C. H., Va., on Wednesday, the 27th October, by the Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. GEO. C. R. PHILIPS of Minnesota, to Miss EMMA GREEN, youngest daughter of Thomas P. Green, Esq.

On the 19th of October, at Wood-Lawn, Gaston county, by Prof. Rockwell, of Davidson College, Dr. C. F. POWE, of Salisbury, and Miss MAGGIE R. ALEXANDER.

At the same time, and by the same, Mr. W. M. BARBER, Attorney at Law, of Wilkesboro, and Miss ADA S. ALEXANDER, daughters of R. M. Alexander, Esqr., of the county aforesaid.

"By vows of Love together bound
The twain on earth are one;
One may their hearts always be found,
Till earthly cares are done.

O! let the memory of this hour,
In future years come nigh,
To bind with sweet, attractive power,
And cheer them till they die."

Obituary.

Philanthropic Hall, }
Oct. 23rd 1858. }

Whereas, It has pleased Divine Providence to cut down, in the midst of his youth and promise, JAMES M. HOLT, late a student of the University, and a member of the Dialectic Society; the Philanthropic Society, sharing in the general sorrow which this melancholy event has produced, is desirous of manifesting its sensibility on this occasion; therefore

Resolved,—That the untimely death of our young friend, has afflicted us with feelings of deep grief and that while we bow with resignation to the will of Providence, we can but deplore the loss of one, just beginning his career among us, and bidding fair, by his lovely character to secure for himself, usefulness and happiness in life.

Resolved,—That we tender our sincerest sympathies to our Sister Society, which now mourns the loss of a worthy member.

Resolved,—That we offer to the bereaved family in behalf of the Philanthropic Society, the expression of our deepest regrets under their sad affliction, and we trust that He who has promised to be a "Father to the Fatherless and a Husband to the Widow," may bring to their relief the consolations of religion.

Resolved,—That these resolutions be published in the University Magazine, Chapel Hill Gazette, Raleigh Standard and Greensborough Times, and that copies of the same be transmitted to the Dialectic Society, and to the family of the Deceased.

W. J. NICHOLSON, }
S. H. BRICKELL, } *Com.*
G. P. BRYAM. }

TO LAWYERS.

A YOUNG NEW YORK Lawyer, would like to make arrangements with some respectable lawyer, or law firm, in Greensboro or any other town in North Carolina, to enter upon the duties of the profession. Would accept a situation as managing clerk, or any other, appertaining to his profession. Can give good references as to capability &c.

Address, C. G. DUNN,
New York City.

MESSRS. McILWAIN, SON & Co., Dunn & Spencer, Wilson & Alfriend, E. P. Nash, A. S. Shaffer & Co., W. W. Daugherty, Hamilton & Graham, Mair & Stephen, Stephens & Wendell, W. B. Johnson, R. W. Harrison, R. S. Thompson, Smith, Stone & Banks.

You, and each of you, are hereby notified that at the next term of our county Court, to be held for the county of Guilford, at the Court House in Greensboro, on the 3rd Monday in November next, I will move said Court for permission to take the oath for the relief of honest insolvent debtors, and thereby discharge myself from arrest at the instance of J. M. Wyche and Samuel Drummond, by swearing in a schedule, when and where you can attend if you think proper. WILLIAM COBLE.
Nov., 29th '58. (147—3wpd.)

I GIVE NOTICE, THAT I Shall ask the next General Assembly of North Carolina, to pass a law on my behalf, extending the term for collecting taxes.

W. A. WINBOURNE.
Oct., 30th '58. (147—tf.)

A. P. SPERRY, of N. C.
With WM. GRAYDON & CO., Importers and Jobbers of **DRY GOODS**, 46 Park Place, and 41 Barclay Street,
Wm. Graydon, James Graydon, } **NEW-YORK.** { Geo. H. Seeley, Wm. A. Scott.
Nov., '58. (2—3y.)

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD Most respectfully call the attention of the public to their large and attractive supply of **FALL and WINTER GOODS,** consisting in part of **Dry Goods, Groceries, Ready-Made Clothing &c.** Their stock was selected with great care, and not having very expensive families to support, they flatter themselves that they can sell at such prices as will insure satisfaction to those who may extend to them their patronage.
October 29, '58. COLE & AMIS.

For Every Body!

The Largest, the Cheapest, THE BEST!!

The Times:

AN ILLUSTRATED SOUTHERN FAMILY PAPER;

Will commence its 4th Volume 1st January, 1859. Enlarged to eight pages, beautifully **ILLUSTRATED** and printed on the finest article of white paper, with a new Power Press and new Copper-faced Type—thus making it the largest and neatest paper published in the South; and equal in every respect to any similar paper published in Philadelphia or New York.

☞ **TERMS** in advance: 1 copy $2: 6 copies $10; 10 copies $15; 50 copies $50—and One Copy to the Getter up of a Club.

Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

☞ Editors will confer a favor by inserting or noticing.

PROSPECTUS OF THE

N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION FOR 1859.

THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE JOURNAL will commence with the next year, and the first number will be issued about the middle of January. It will be published monthly, and each number will contain not less than thirty-two pages of reading matter.

The Journal will be neatly printed, on fine paper and in a style fully equal to the present volume; the aim of those who have charge of it will be to make it a valuable auxiliary in the cause of education.

It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association and under its control. Through its pages the General Superintendent of Common Schools will communicate with the School officers and teachers of the State.

Articles are solicited from teachers and other friends of education—

TERMS
(Invariably in Advance)

FIVE COPIES, or more, ordered at one time, or to one address ONE DOLLAR each per annum

Additional copies at the same rate.

Single copy.....$2,00

All Teachers and school officers are requested to act as agents.

Journal and Times.....$3

The Teacher who sends us the largest number of subscribers (not less than thirty) before the first of January, will be entitled to half a page of advertising for the year: The one sending the next largest number will be entitled to the fourth of a page: And each one sending 25 or more will be entitled to a card, not exceeding eight lines.

☞ *All communications should be addressed to* J. D. CAMPBELL, *Resident Editor, Greensboro', N. C.*

Mary F. Ogburn & others } Petition to sell
Ex parte. } Real Estate.

BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE OF the Court of Equity for Guilford county made at fall Term '58 in the above case, I shall expose to public sale, at the Court House door in Greensboro on thursday the **18th of November next,** the Real Estate belonging to E. W. Ogburn dec'd.

Consisting of One Lot near the Methodist Female College, containing about three acres, which lot is highly improved; a new and elegantly-finished dwelling house, together with all necessary buildings for the comfort and convenience of a large family are among the improvements.

Also one other Lot in Greensboro supposed to contain about ¼ of an acre, on which the house stands formerly occupied by the deceased as a Book Store.

Also a very Valuable track of Land lying three miles west of Greensboro, containing about one hundred and thirty acres, one half in timber and the other half under a high state of cultivation

The Purchaser will be required to give Bond with approved security, to me as Administrator payable six months after date, the title will be retained untill the further order of the Court. JED. H. LINDSAY, Adm.
Oct., 26 '58 (146—3 w)

J. W. EVANS'
NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street Richmond, Va.

Subscriptions received for the Times.

A CARD!

Persons indebted to me by Note or otherwise will please call upon Mr. WM. L. SCOTT, Attorney at Law, and settle. By doing this, they will save cost. S. HOPKINS.
Greensboro Aug. 3 1858. 134—3m.

KISS ME QUICK—A FRAGRANT and permanent perfume, distilled from fragrant Tulips, just received and for sale by SCOTT & GORRELL.

Together with FRANGEPANNI, an everlasting perfume, and a fine assortment of EXTRACTS, POMADES, HAIR OIL, SOAPS, TO LET WATERS and POWDERS

THOSE INDEBTED TO THE FIRM OF E. W. OGBURN, & CO., would do well to call and settle, and by that means they will save cost. JAS. W. DOAK.
136—tf. Surviving Partner.

A CARD.

JAMES F. JOLLEE,—Has on hand a large and well selected stock of **Ready Made Clothing, Boots, Shoes** and **Hats,** purchased this fall, in short EVERYTHING THAT MEN WEAR, and a little more Besides, which he will sell cheap for CASH or to punctual customers on a SHORT CREDIT.
Oct. 21st., 1858. 146—tf.

NEW BOOK STORE.—I Expect To open by the first of October next a full assortment of Books and Stationery at the store at present occupied by Mr. Wm. S. Casen, between Mr. David Aaron and Redrick & Ryan's, and hope by strict attention to business to merit a share of the public patronage. I shall take pleasure in ordering any article in my line that my patrons may wish. Samples of Sewing Machines kept on hand.
Wilmington, N. C. GEO. H. KELLEY.

BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!! Who wants a Book? For the accommodation of the citizens of Greensboro and others, the undersigned have made arrangements to furnish at Publishers' prices, any book wanted. Historical, Scientific, Professional, Religious, Poetical or any work of any kind in market. No commission will be charged. It is only an accommodating agency, to order such books as may be wanted.

Call at the Times Office and leave your orders. All books to be paid for on delivery.
COLE & ALBRIGHT.

WE ARE AGENTS FOR Messrs. Simmons & Clark, in buying wheat, bring on your samples.

J. & F. GARRETT.
July, 1858. 132-tf.

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!!

JUST to hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuff, Brushes, Perfumery, Pomades, Extracts, Soaps, Cosmetics. **Also,**

SEGARS of the choicest Brands; in fact, every article usually found in a Drug Store. Call on East Market. Orders promptly filled, Perscription carefully put up at all hours by
W. C. PORTER

FRANGIPANI, AN ETERNAL Perfume. The perfume bearing the above name is undoubtedly one of the most gratifying to the olfactory nerve ever yet discovered.

Call at Porter's Drug Store where you can get it in any of its variety of forms—with a great variety of other popular perfumes and Toilet articles.
Dec. 1.

LAMPS. A large lot of fluid lamps just received at the Drug Store of
W. C. PORTER.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, Nov. 4.

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Gilmer & Hendrix, Merchants, West Market

Bacon 12½@13; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20; Butter 12½@—; Coffee 14a16, Candles, Tallow 22@25, Adamantine 37@40, Sperm 55@60; Corn 80@90 Meal 80@90; Chickens 10@15; Eggs 6@8; Feathers 40@45; Flour 5.00@5.00, Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 12½@15; Molasses 40@50; Nails 6@7; Oats 40; Peas, yellow 75@90, white 75@1.00; Pork 8.00@8.50; Rags 2½@—; Rice 8@9.00; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12½, lost 18½, crushed 16½, clarified 19; Tallow 12½@13; Wheat 80@1.00, Wool 25@30.

WILMINGTON MARKET, Nov. 2.

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Geo. H. Kelley, Dealer in Provisions and Groceries.

Sugar, Crushed,	11¾	Spirits	00
Loaf,	12¾	*Tar*, ₱ bbl.	2.25
C. Yellow,	10a10½	*Candles*,	23a28
A Coffee,	11a11¾	Sperm,	50@60
Brown,	8@9	Tallow,	16a18
Rio,	11¾a12¾	*Cotton*,	11¾a11¾
Laguayra,	12¾a13	*Salt*, Alum,	25
Java,	18a20	Sack,	2.75
St. Domingo,	13	*Bacon*,	10
Molasses, by hhd.,	27	*Oats*,	50
by bbl.,	30	*Corn*,	70
Cheese,	12¾	*Pork*,	19@20
Lard,	13	*Mullets*,	3.00
Flour, Family	6.00	*Mackerel*,	10
Super.	6.87½	*Rice*,	8.85
Spts. Terpentine,	46¾	*Meal*,	75
Hard,	1.75	*Peas*,	90

NEW BERNE, MARKET, Nov. 1.

Reported expressly for the Times

By D. C. STYRON, Dealer in Produce &c.

Flour (N.C.)	7.00	Potatoes	1.40
Corn ₱ bus.	58a60	S. Potatoes bus.	1.00
Meal ₱ bus.	75@80	Peas	1.00
Rice ₱ 100	3.50a4.50	Tobacco	00
Pork Mess Bbl	20	Drum Fish	5.a6.00
Bacon hog round	12½	Trout do	5.50a6.50
Lard	13¾	Blue	5.50a6.50
Butter	20a30	Ocean Shad	10.00
Beef	10¼a11	Herring	4.25.5.50
Molasses by Hhd.	30	Turp'tine Scrape	2.00
do by Bbl.	35	" dip	3.35
Sugar Hd Coffee	11a13	" Virgin	3.75
" Crushed	14	Cotton	12
" P. R.	8¼a9¾	Spts. Turpentine	44
Coffee Laguayra	12a13	Alum Salt ₱ bus.	25
" Rio	13a14	Salt ₱ Sack	1.00a1.25
" Cape	12a13	Hay	1.00
Vinegar Bbl.	5.00	Oats	40

NORFOLK MARKET, Nov. 1.

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Flour, Family	7.25a7.50	*Flaxseed*,	1.40a1.50
Extra	6.50a6.75	*Beeswax*	25
Superfine	6.25	*Dried Apples*, ₱ bu. of	
Corn, Mixed & W.	70a71	28lbs.	1.70a1.75
Yellow	70	" *Peaches*, 40lbs. ₱	
Wheat, White	1.30	bu.	2.50a5.75
Red	1.10	*Bacon*, W. sides	8.00
Cotton,	11¾a12	do, Sides	10
Peas, Black Eye.	1.37	N. C. & Va. Hog	
Red & Black	00	round,	12¾
Lard, N.C. & Va.	14	*Staves*, R.O. hhd	35
do do	2....	13	W.O. pipe.	50
Fish, Mackerel 1.	12.50	do hhd	40
do No 2,	11.00	do bbl.	28
do 3	10.00		

REMARKS.—Flour, receipts are small, it is dull having only a moderate local demand.—Corn is in moderate supply, sales of small receipts at quotations. Wheat, the receipts have not been large. Cotton continues to come in freely, sales since our last report, of 12 to 1300 Bales at quotations. Peas B. E. with a moderate supply, they are wanted and sell readily at prices quoted. Dried Fruit, Apples and Peaches arrive, and sell readily being in good demand.

Professional Cards.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C.
1-1y.

GEO. W. COTHRAN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR, at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y.
10—tf.

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 53—1y.

JACOB T. BROWN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HIGH POINT, N. C.,
☞ Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111-1y

DR. B. L. COLE,
HAVING TAKEN AN OFFICE on West Market St., Greensboro, N. C., next door to Cole & Amis' Store, offers his services to the Citizens of said place and surrounding country.

From his experience in the treatment of disease, he flatters himself that he can meet and conquer the various forms of disease, though insidious in its attack, wherever the science of Medicine or Surgery can be available.

He would particularly call the attention of those suffering with scrofula, cancer, and all other Surgical diseases, Diseases and Malformation of the eye and ear. Those having cross eyes and wishing them straight and natural in appearance can have it done by applying to him.

Ladies suffering from long standing chronic disease which has baffled the skill of others might be benefitted by giving him a trial, as his experience has been extensive in the treatment of diseases peculiar to Females, at all events no charge will be made for advice when his skill cannot cure or greatly mitigate the sufferings of his patient. Persons living at a distance and wishing the benefit of his services by applying to him will be assisted in procuring comfortable boarding on accommodating terms. He has also had an extensive practice in Specific diseases of all kinds and professional Confidence never violated.
Feb. 1, 1858. 108-1y.

SCOTT & GORRELL,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in FRUITS, CANDIES, PRESERVES, PICKLES, Nuts, Perfumery, Segars, Snuff, Fancy Articles, etc., Garrett's new brick building,
GREENSBORO, N. C.
1858. 191 1y

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Orations, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON,
1071f Baltimore, Md.

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
Comission Merchants, Norfolk, Va.
ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Orange; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, Chatham; White & Cameron, C. Phifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan.
☞ Authorized agents for the *Times*, to receive subscriptions, etc. 6-1y

HOOP-SKIRTS.—Brass, Steel and Whale-Bone. Also, a very fine **Lace Skirt**—all of which we will sell at prices that are bound to please.
October, '58. COLE & AMIS.

NOW IS THE TIME! Only DOLLAR for good White Wheat. J. & F. GARRETT.

R THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY of the Age is AYER'S CATHARTIC Pills.

They can't *help* recommending, and they cure them.

One Box has cured Dyspepsia.

Three Boxes have cured the worst cases of Scrofula.

Two Boxes have cured Erysipelas.

One Box always cures the jaundice.

Three Boxes are sure to change the system from Bile—entire loss that can show it.

Two Boxes have completely cured the worst of ulcers on the legs.

Small doses seldom fail to cure the Piles.

One dose cures Sick Headache arising from a foul stomach.

Strong doses often repeated expel every worm from the body.

They should be given to children, who are always more or less afflicted with this scourge.

As a gentle Physic they have no equal.

One Box cures derangement of the Liver.

Half a Box cures a Cold.

They purify the blood, and thus strike at the foundation of every disease.

As a dinner Pill there is not their equal in the world.

They are purely vegetable, and can do no harm, but do accomplish an unaccountable amount of good.

Price 25 cts per Box—5 Boxes for $1,00.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass. and sold by T. J. PATRICK, Greensboro Williams & Heywood, Raleigh; S. J. Hinsdale, Fayetteville; O. A. Bradley, Wilmington; Purcell, Laud & Co., Richmond, and all druggists.
128;6m

PROSPECTUS.

CANTWELL'S LAW PRACTICE.

The Undersigned respectfully invites subscribers to the publication of his treatise upon the *Practice of Law in the Courts of North Carolina,* to hand in their names by the 1st January: and he solicits for the work the patronage of the Bar and the Public generally. The first volume, now nearly ready for the press, is devoted exclusively to the consideration of *Legislative* and *Executive* Powers. Under the first named title, the following titles and chapters of the Revised Code, with the accompanying decisions, will be found embraced, viz:

County Boundaries; County Revenue and Charges, Court Houses, Prisons, etc.; County Trustee; Fairs; General Assembly; Inspections; Poor; Registers, Rivers and Creeks; Roads, Ferries, etc.; Idiots and Lunatics; Ordinaries and Retailers; Mills and Millers, Prisoners; Weights and Measures.

Under the second named title *Executive Powers,* will be found the following chapters and titles of the Revised Code, viz:

Attorney General, ect.; Attorneys at Law; Courts, County and Superior; Court Supreme; Guardian and Ward; Administrators; Auctioneers; Clerks; Constables; Coroners; County Bounda

THE TIMES.

A LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Dying Girl.

BY HUGH.

Farewell my father dear farewell;
I feel the chilly shades of death—,
Come stealing on my trembling form;
And soon in vain I'll gasp for breath.

Oh! my own brother dear farewell;
I feel my voice grow faltering now;
Bright angels are around me here:
They've brought a crown to wreathe my brow.

I'll soon be in the lone still grave;
My spirit gone to worlds on high;
Ah! then I'll meet my mother there,
But never more to hear her sigh.

When mother died she wept that we,
Were doomed in this cold world to stay:
She said dear children meet me there;
Then tears shall all be wiped away.

Oh! brother meet us in that land;
When earth with thee shall all be o'er;
True joys can only there be known,
When we have met to part no more.

We've sported oft in friendship here;
And with what joy it thrilled my heart;
But Ah! how soon the dream has fled,
The time has come when we must part.

On earth the fairest flowers decay,
And brightest joys will end in gloom;
In Heaven no hearts will e'er be sad,
And there immortal flowers bloom.

Farewell!—I feel deaths shadows fall;
I hear its angry water's roar:
But death can bring no sting to me,
For Christ my Lord has gone before.

Reading for the Young.

The Calico Cloak.

"Have you seen the new scholar?" asked Mary Lark, a girl of twelve or fourteen years, as she ran to meet a group of school-mates who were coming towards the school house; "she cuts the most comical looking figure you ever saw.—Her cloak is made out of calico, and her shoes are brogans, such as the men and boys wear."

"Oh, yes, I've seen her," replied Lucy Brooks; "she is the new washerwoman's daughter. I shouldn't have thought Mr. Brown would have taken her into the academy; but I suppose he likes the money that comes through suds as well as any. It is cleaner, of course."

And the air rang with the loud laugh of the girls.

"Come, let us go in and examine her," continued Mary, as they ascended the steps of the school house. "I'm thinking she will make some fun for us."

The girls went into the dressing-room where they found the new scholar. She was a mild, intelligent looking child, but very poorly tho' tidily clad. The girls went around her, whispering and laughing with each other, while she stood scrubbing and blushing in one corner of the room, without venturing to raise her eyes from the floor.

When they entered school they found the little girl was far in advance of those of her age in her studies, and was placed in classes with those two or three years her senior. This seemed, on the whole, to make those girls who were disposed to treat her unkindly dislike her the more; and she, being of a retiring disposition, through their influence had no friends, but went and returned from school alone.

"And so you really think," said Mary Lark, as she went up to the little girl a few weeks after she entered school, "that you are going to get the medal? It will correspond nicely with your cloak!"

And she caught hold of the cape, and held it out from her, while the girls around joined in her loud laugh.

"Calico Cloak get the medal! I guess she will! I should like to see Mr. Brown giving it to her!" said another girl, as she caught hold of her arm, and peeped under the child's bonnet.

The little girl struggled to release herself, and, when she was free, ran home as fast as she could go.

"Oh, mother," she said, as she entered her mother's humble kitchen, "do answer Uncle William's letter, and tell him we will come to New York to live! I don't like to live in Bridgeville. The girls call me 'Calico Cloak,' and 'Brogans,' and you don't know, mother, how unkindly they treat me."

"Lizzie, my dear," said her mother, "you must expect to meet with some who will treat you unkindly on account of your poverty; but you must not be discouraged. Do right, my child, and you will eventually come off conqueror."

Although Mrs. Lee tried to encourage her child, yet she knew that she had to meet with severe trials for one so young.

"But, mother, they are all unkind to me," replied Lizzie; "there isn't one who loves me."

And the child buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud.

In Bridgeville Academy there were a few selfish, unprincipled girls, and the others joined them in teasing the little "Calico Cloak," as they called her, from thoughtlessness, and from a love of sport. But they knew not how deeply each sportive word pierced the heart of the little stranger, and how many bitter tears she shed in secret over their unkindness.

Mrs. L., learning that the scholars still continued their unjust treatment towards her child, resolved to accept her brother's invitation, although he was a poor man, and become a member of his family, hoping that while there, her child could continue her studies, and perhaps, through his influence, lead a happier life among her school-mates. Accordingly, at the end of the term, she left Bridgeville, and removed to New York. Although Lizzie had been a member of the school but one term, yet she gained the medal, and it was worn from the academy beneath the despised garment.

Weeks, months, and years glided away [illegible] students of the Bridgeville Academy, and the little "Calico Cloak" was [illegible] who were at school, with [illegible] the business

Twelve years after Mrs. Lee and her daughter left town, a Mr. Maynard, a young clergyman came into Bridgeville, and was settled as the pastor of the village church. It was reported at the sewing circle, the week following his ordination, that it was expected that he would bring his bride into town in a few weeks. There was a great curiosity to see her, and, especially, after it was reported that she was a talented young authoress.

A few weeks after, Mr. Maynard gratified their curiosity by walking into church with his young wife leaning on his arm. She was a lady of great intellectual beauty, and everybody (as they always are at first) was deeply interested in the young minister and his wife.

The following week the ladies flocked to see her, and she promised to meet with them at the next gathering of the sewing circle.

The day arrived, and although it was quite stormy, Mrs. Deacon Brown's parlor was filled with smiling faces. The deacon's carriage was sent to the parsonage after Mrs. Maynard, and, in due time it arrived, bringing the lady with it. The shaking of hands that followed her arrival can only be imagined by those who have been present on such an occasion.

"How are you pleased with our village?" asked a Mrs. Britton, after the opening exercises were over, as she took a seat beside Mrs. Maynard.

"I like its appearance very much; it certainly has improved wonderfully within the last twelve years."

"Were you ever in Bridgeville before?" asked another lady, as those around looked somewhat surprised.

"I was here some months when a child," replied Mrs. Maynard.

Their curiosity was excited.

"Have you friends here?" asked a third, after a moment's silence.

"I have not. I resided with my mother, the widow Lee. We lived in a little cottage which stood upon the spot now occupied by a large store, on the corner of Pine street."

"The widow Lee?" repeated Mrs. Britton; "I well remember the cottage, but I do not recollect the name."

"I think I attended school with you at the academy," replied Mrs. Maynard; "you were Miss. Mary Lark, were you not?"

"That was my name," replied the lady, as a smile passed over her features at being recognized; "but I am really ashamed that my memory has proved so recreant."

"I was known in the academy as the little 'Calico Cloak.' Perhaps you can remember me by that name."

The smile faded from Mrs. Britton's face, and a deep blush overspread her features, which in a few moments was seen deepening upon the faces of others present.

There was a silence for some minutes when Mrs. Maynard looked up, she found she had caused considerable disturbance among the ladies of her own age, by making herself known.

"Oh! I remember very well when the little 'Calico Cloak' went to the academy," said an old lady, as she looked up over her glasses, "and I think, if my memory serves me right, some of the ladies present will owe Mrs. Maynard an apology."

"I had no intention whatever, ladies," replied Mrs. Maynard, "to reprove any one present by making myself known; but, as it may seem to some that it was my intention, I will add a few words. Most of the younger ladies present will remember the little 'Calico Cloak;' but no one but the wearer knows how deeply each unkind word pierced the little heart that beat beneath it. And as I again hear the old academy bell ring, it brings back fresh to my mind the sorrows of my childhood. But let no lady mistake me, by supposing I cherish an unkind feeling towards any one. I know that whatever the past may have been, you are now my friends.

"But ladies, let me add, if you have children teach them a lesson from my experience, and tell them to treat kindly the poor and the despised. A calico cloak may cover a heart as warm with affection, and as sensitive to sorrow, as one that beats beneath a velvet covering. Whenever you meet a child who shows a disposition to despise the poor, tell it the story of the 'calico cloak;' it will carry its own moral with it."

"That is the shortest, but the best sermon I ever heard," said the old lady, as she put her handkerchief under her glasses; "I do not believe its moral effect will be lost upon any of us."

The old lady was right. The story went from one to another, until it found its way into the old academy. At the very time a little boy was attending school there, whose mother was struggling with her needle to give him an education. The boys often made sport of his patched knees and elbows, and he would run sobbing home to his mother. But when the story of the "calico cloak" reached the scholars, the little boy, (for he was naturally a noble-hearted child,) became popular in school; and the children, from that time, were very kind to "Littttle Patchey," as he had always been called.

When Mrs. Maynard heard the story of "Little Patchey," she felt that she was well repaid for all she had suffered in childhood.

TO MOTHERS.—As your sons advance towards manhood, cease as far as possible meeting their faults with reproof, censure or ridicule, but let your exterior rather exhibit a loving interest in them, while in the gentlest manner possible you win them away from what is wrong, coarse, unamiable, or evil. At this age your power over them for good will lie mainly in your power to inspire them with the tenderest filial regard. If you put on a harsh manner, you will surely repel, and lose your influence at a time when more, perhaps, than at any other period in their lives, they need to be held close to you by cords of the tenderest affection. Encourage them to give you their fullest confidence. In their little trials, disappointments and strifes, offer them your sympathy, and lift them above their weakness—not by making them conscious, to mortification, of their imperfections, but by inspiring them with true manly sentiments. A wise, loving mother is a young man's palladium of safety. The thought of her is a sphere of protection, surrounding him all the day, and keeping his mind pure amid a thousand allurements to vice. Be very careful to do nothing that will make your son's thoughts of you oppressive or repellant. Oh, let your image ever lie in sunshine on his heart! So shall your love hold him back in the hour of temptation with chains of gold.

Hope is a sentiment exhibited in the wag of a dog's tail when he is waiting for a bone.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

FALL TREATMENT OF ASPARAGUS.—As soon as the heavy frost come to kill the tops, they should be cut and removed to the sty or the compost-heap. The surface of the beds, which have become hard and perhaps weedy, should now be thoroughly scarified with the hoe, or forked over, taking care not to injure the crowns About the last of the month, spread on a heavy coating of stable-manure, at least half a cord to every square rod. The rains will carry down its fertilizing properties to the roots, and give them great strength and vigor for an early start in the spring. If near the shore, where marsh-mud is accessible, a coating of this, one inch thick, in addition to the manure, will do good service. We have also found it an excellent plan to cover the beds with sea-weed or old hay during the winter. The roots keep active long before the ground closes up; the ground does not freeze so deep, and starts sooner in the spring. The mulch, of course, needs to be removed as soon as the winter is over. Asparagus is a gross feeder, and can be had in perfection only by high manuring. This we believe will pay, whether the bed has been thoroughly prepared or not.

THE ORCHARD AND NURSERY.—Gather up, says a certain pomocultural authority all fallen and defective fruit, and feed to the hogs. Save stones of peaches, to produce new varieties and for seeding stocks. Let the peaches from which you obtain seeds for planting be fully ripe, if you are endeavoring to reproduce them or originate new varieties. Bury the peach-stones at once, or plant them immediatly in drills where you want them to grow. This is the best way. They will come up next April. Try a few hundreds or thousands yearly, and you will from time to time be rewarded with valuable seedlings, especially suited to our own soil and climate. Budding of all stone-fruits may still be continued by those who have the proper stocks. Insert the bud on the north side of the stock early in the morning or just before night-fall, ceasing operations in the heat of the day. Now is also the time to make cuttings of evergreens.

THE TOMATO—ITS PROPERTIES.—Dr. Bennet, a professor of some celebrity, considers it an invaluable article of diet, and ascribes to it very important medical properties:

1. That the tomato is one of the most powerful aperients of the Materia Medica and that in all those affections of the liver and organs where calomel is indispensable, it is probably the most effective and least harmful remedial agent known to the profession.

2. That a chemical extract pill can be obtained from it which will altogether supersede the use of calomel in the cure of disease.

3. That he has successfully treated diarrhœa with this article alone.

4. That when used as an article of diet it is almost a sovereign remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion.

5. That the citizens ordinarly should make use of it either raw, cooked, or in the form of a catsup, with their daily food, as it is a most healthy article.—*Repository.*

KEEPING SWEET-POTATOES.—A connecticut farmer (no great authority on the sweet-potato question, to be sure, but as good as can be on the subject of wintering vegetables) gives his experience upon the subject of preserving sweet-potatoes in the words ensuing:

"The 14th day of October, 1854, I dug about one half bushel of sweet-potatoes packed them in two boxes, used dry plaster-of-paris for packing, and placed them in a warm, dry room. On the 13th day of April, 1855, I planted them. Every one was sound, and as good as in the fall. They came up, and grew as well as any I ever raised or saw in North Carolina. I write the above, believing that sweet-potatoes packed in dry plaster-of-paris, and placed in a dry, warm room, will keep perfectly sound twelve months. I kept pumpkins and winter squashes one year in a warm, dry room, and showed them at our annual fair as sound as when severed from the vines."

TO DESTROY RATS.—The Griffin (Ga.) Empire State says: That a lady in that city, whose house became infested with troublesome little varmints, says the simple remedy of dissolving copperas in cold water (make it strong) and sprinkling in the most prominent places of resort will make them leave at a two forty rate and no mistake. She tried it successfully and has not been troubled with rats or mice since. It is simple and will not cost much to try it.

David L. Miller has gone and done it.—He has invented a machine embracing the three principles, of a wedge, lever, and screw, with which a workman at the Norris Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, weighing 156 pounds, lifted with facility the enormous weight of 37,332 pounds—more than eighteen tons—merely by the application of his strength through his hands to the lever.

THE AMERICAN ALOE.—A century-plant in full bloom is now on exhibition in Philadelphia, and is being visited by great numbers of people from all parts of the country. The American Presbyterian says that it is a great curiosity, advises its readers to see it, and gives this description of it: "The leaves are very long and are already dying. The stalk, about twenty feet high and three or four inches in diameter, grew in five weeds. There are seventeen branches or candelabra: on each of them there are scores of flowers of a straw color. The profusion of bloom is very striking." These plants bloom but once in a century.

CURE FOR BURNS.—The French Gazette Medicale states that, by an accident charcoal, has been discovered to be a cure for burns. Bylaying a piece of cold char coal upon the burn, the gain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on one hour, the wound is healed, as has been demonstrated on several occasions. The remedy is cheap and simple, and certainly deserves a trial.

Salad for the Solitary

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make the best Fire. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

ENIGMA.

BY C. H. C.

In chaos first I lay ere I had birth,
And then I dwelt with Adam on the earth—
I ne'er saw Eden and I knew not Eve,
And yet the Garden I could not leave.
In Noah's Ark I found a place, still I
Was in the ocean ere the land was dry.—
I am in Heaven—'tother place I shun,
Yet Satan owns me, though I am but one.
With Angels I am first, with Saints I dwell,
Yet spirits know me not:—now, mark me well—
I'm in the sea, yet never leave the land,
In every battle I am in command.
I'm found in many, though alone I keep.
Each tear doth hold me, yet I never weep.
No place doth keep me, still you'll soon agree,
I am in all things—say, what can I be?

Answer next week.

THE "GOOSE QUESTION."—It may be amusing to some of our readers to puzzle their brains in the solution of the oft heard of "Goose Question." If any one can furnish a satisfactory solution we will thank them, and we will then be "all right on the goose question."

A man goes to market to buy geese and buys two lots containing thirty each. In purchasing the first lot, he pays at the rate of $1 for 2, and $15 for the 30. The second parcel he obtains at the rate of $1 for 3, and $10 for the whole lot, thus giving $25 for the 60 geese.

Being dissatisfied with his bargain, he wishes to sell them for the amount they cost him. To save trouble in counting them, he sells them in lots of 5, at $2 per lot. It would seem that, having in separate trades bought them at the prices of 2 for $1 and 3 for $1, he would lose nothing in selling them at the rate of 5 for $2. But after concluding the trade, he finds he has sold his sixty geese for $24, and of course has lost $1 by the trade. Why did he lose $1 in selling the geese at the same rate that he paid for them? That is the famous goose question.

ANSWER to question of last week:—26.2721536 inches.

From the Winchester Virginian.

What a Bachelor is Like!

From the pen of Launcelot Goosenberry, Esq., Poet Laureate, and dedicated to all Poets and Poetesses around these diggins.

Why a pump without a handle,
A mouldy tallow candle,
A goose that's lost its fellows,
A noseless pair of bellows,
A horse without a saddle,
A boat without a paddle!
A mule—a fool,
A two legged stool!
A post—a jest,
Dreary, weary,
Contrary, uncherry—
A fish without a tail,
A ship without a sail,
A legless pair of tongs,
A fork without its prongs,
A clock without a face—
A pig that's out of place!
A bootless leg—an addled egg,
A stupid flat—a crownless hat,
A pair of breeches, wanting stitches!
A chattering ape—coat minus cape,
A quacking duck, wanting pluck,
A gambling goose—mad dog let loose,
A boot without a strap,
Or a cracked and leaky bowl,
Or a fiddle without a string,
Or a bee without its sting,
Or a bat—or a sprat,
Or a cat—or a hen
Or a rat—or a wren,
Or a gnat—or a pig in a pen,
Or a thrash that will not sing!
Or a bell that will not ring!
Or a penny that won't go,
Or a herring without a roe,
Or a time without a dead,
Or a drum without a head!
Or a monkey—or a donkey,
Or a surly dog, tied to a log,
Or a frog in a bog,
Or a fly in a mug,
Or a bee—
Or a flee—
Or a last years pea,
Or a figure 8,
Like a fool without a tongue,
Like a barrel without a bung—
Like a whale—
Like a snail—
Like an owl—
Like a fowl—
Like a priest without his cowl!
Like a midnight ghoul—
Like a gnome in his cell—
Like a clapperless bell—
Like a man down a well—
Lot's a poor forsaken gander!
Choosing lonely thus to wander!
He's like a walking stick, a sachel, or——
But to be plain,
And end my strain,
He's like nought but——a Bacheler!!

C. T. W.

WORSE THAN THAT.—Some years ago, as Captain B., of the steamer Water-Witch, was passing down the Arkansas river, they had pressing need of an axe, and not having one on board, at the first landing the boat rounded to, and the Captain dispatched an Irishman to the nearest Cabin in quest of one. Pretty soon Patrick returned with an axe; but when, after having used it, the Captain ordered him to return it, he refused, point blank.

"But what is the reason?" urged the Captain.

"Sure then an' I'll just tell ye. Whin I went up to the cabin I saw a white woman, an' axed her perlitely for the loan of an axe, an' she telled me to axe her husband in the cornfield. So, yer honor, I went up to the cornfield, an' I saw a big, black nager a standing there, an' I sez to him, sez I, "Where's your masher?" Sez he, 'I'm the masher.' An' sez I, 'I'm after having the loan of an axe for a few minutes. Sez he, 'Go down to the house an' git it.'

"Well, I got the axe, Captain, an' as I wint by the door, sez I to myself, 'Be jabbers, but I'll give her a small bit of my mind!' So I pokes me head in the door, an' sez I,—

"Ain't ye 'shamed of yerself to be havin' a black nager for a husband?"

"La! no," sez she, "I had a sisther who done worse than that."

"An' what was that, sure?" sez I.

"Why, she married an Irishman," sez she.

"So you see, bedad, Capting, I'll be fathe. spaking no more to the baste—begging your honor's pardon."

The "Capting" laughingly excused him from so unpleasant a duty.

Keep out of bad company, for the chance is, that when the devil fires into a flock he will hit somebody.

'John did you ever bet on a horse race?'

'No, but I've seen my sister Bet on an old mare.'

Business Cards.

THE TIMES:
A LITERARY & FAMILY PAPER, PUBLISHED FOR THE SOUTH
Having a large list of the best writers, its contents are mostly original—embracing Original Stories History, Biography, Science, Agriculture, Education, Poetry and News.
Published weekly at $2, by C.C. COLE & J.W. ALBRIGHT, Greensboro, N. C.
Specimens sent gratis.

ADVERTISING.

One square (12 lines) first insertion $1.00. Each additional week 25cts. The following ample deductions will be made in favor of standing Advertisements:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR.
One square,	$ 3.00	$ 5.00	$ 8.00
Two squares,	6.00	10.00	14.00
Three "	9.00	15.00	20.00
Four " (1 col.)	12.00	20.00	26.00
Eight " (2 col.)	18.00	30.00	40.00

Professional and business Cards, not exceeding six lines—per annum, ... $5.00

ARCHITECTURE.
WM. PERCIVAL, Architect, Offices Smiths' Brick Building, Raleigh, N. C, and Godden's Hall, Richmond, Va., will supply *designs, working, drawings, specifications* and *superintendance* for all kinds of *public* and private buildings and houses of worship.
With an *educational training* for his profession and a Practical Experience on public and private works for more than 16 years, he hopes to give satisfaction. He respectfully refers to those by whom he is Professionally engaged in this State.
The Building Committee on the Chapel Hill University Improvements. The Building Committee of the Raleigh New Baptist Church. R. S Tucker, Esq., W. M. Boylan, Raleigh. W. S. Battle, Esq., Rockey, Mt., Edgecombe County.
N. B. A large variety of original designs for churches, villas &c., can be seen at his Offices. 133–6m.

D. C. STYRON,
BROAD-STREET, TWO DOORS west of Middle-street, Newbern, N. C., dealer in **Dry Goods,** PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, FISH, OYSTERS, CROCKERY, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, &c.
☞ **Seller of Country Produce.**
PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO ORDERS. (121–1y.)

E. F. POWELL
WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER.
Would take this method of informing the Citizens of Greenesboro, and the surrounding country, that he has just returned from the Northern Cities with the handsomest assortment of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver ware and Fancy Goods, ever offered in this market, also a lage lot of Confectionaries, Fruits, Cigars, Tobacco and Snuff. &c, &c—all of which is offered at the lowest figures for Cash.
All kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry *carefully repaired at the shortest notice,* and on the most reasonable terms.

JOHN A. PRITCHETT,
CABINET-MAKER AND DEALER IN FURNITURE, (*near North Carolina Railroad,*) Greensboro, N. C
All kinds of Cabinet Furniture—such as Dressing-Bureaus, Wardrobes, Washstands, Cottage-Bedsteads, Tables, Coffins, &c —kept constantly on hand or made to order.
Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in workmanship.
☞ Work delivered on board the Cars *free of charge* 127:1y

JAMES M. EDNEY, COMMISSION MERCHANT, 147 *Chambers-st., N. Y.*
Buys and forwards every kind of merchandise for 2½ *per cent Commission. Dealer in* Pianos, Melodeons, Organs, Harps, Guitars, Music, Sewing Machines, Iron Safes, Pumps, Garden Engines, &c. A printed list of all the different makers, kinds and prices, *sent free.* Agent for "The Wonderful Pump," raising Water 150 Feet by hand. Publisher of an elegant lithograph of "*Hickory Nut Falls,*" N. C., 9x12 in., sent free. 50c. Also, "*Cherokee Physician; or, Indian Guide to Health.*" This invaluable *family adviser* should be in every house. It treats of all diseases, has a copious glossary, and prescribes the remedies from nature's bounteous stores, for all our infirmities and misfortunes. It is printed on fine white paper, handsomely bound fourth edition, 300 pages, and is *mailed free for one dollar.* Also, a splendid lithograph, 22 inches, of all the Bishops of the M. E. Church South, including Bascom and Capers, from original copies, approved by themselves. This splendid picture sent free on the receipt of one dollar. Also, Bennett's Chronology of North Carolina. Just from the press, sent free for one dollar.
☞ Refer to Govs. Swain and Morehead, N. W. Woodfin, J. W. Osborne, C. P. Mendenhall, A. M. Gorman, Esqs. Hon. W. A. Graham, J. R. Dodge, T. R. Loring, Rev. C. F. Deems, M. T. Hetlin, S. M. Frost, N. C. and Rev. W. M. Wightman, Andrew Wallace, John W. Stoy, F. F. Beattie, Govan Mills, Richard Yeadon, Esprs., Hon. B. F. Perry, S. C. etc.
Rosewood Iron Frame Pianos, from $150 upwards, warranted in every particular. (107:1y)

MARBLE WORKS
By GEORGE HEINRICH,
Manufacture of Monuments, Tombs, Head-Stones, &c, at reduced prices, 4 doors North of the court house, Greensboro, N. C.
☞ Orders from a distance promptly filled.
February, 1858. 110:1y

MANTUA-MAKING.
MRS. CRITTENDEN & SISTER are now prepared to do all kinds of work, connected with the Mantua-making business, in the latest and best style. They are also prepared to make, trim, and bleach Bonnets. A trial is all that is asked to warrant entire satisfaction. Residence on Greene street, opposite the Old Factory.
Jan. 15, 1858. (105 1y)

N. C. FREEMAN,
WITH ABBOTT, JOHNS & CO., Importers and Jobbers of Staple and Fancy Silk Goods, No. 153 Market Street, Philadelphia. 2-1y

OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND *Watchmaker,* West Market, Greensboro', N. C.—Has on hand, and is receiving a splendid and well selected stock, of fine and fashionable Jewelry, of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral Jewelry.
He has also a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches.
All repairing done in the best manner and warranted.
All persons purchasing Jewelry will do well to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market.
August, 1st., 1858. 134—tf.

R. L. DONNELL'S
PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY
is now opened, and Cameotypes, Melainotypes, and Ambrotypes, which connat be surpassed for durability and beauty are taken in Lockets, Pins and Cases, to suit the tastes and purses of all!
Call and examine Specimens, and learn the Prices Rooms formerly occupied by Scott & Gorrell, second story Garrett's brick building, West Market, Greensboro. 139–y.

VISITING CARDS.
R. G. STAPLES,
CARD WRITER, Porthsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for $1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, $2.00 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering

20,000 PRINTING CARDS,
With a variety of other Materials just received at the Times Office. All kinds of JOB WORK executed in the neatest style of the Art at the cheapest prices.

SALE OF LAND FOR TAXES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that on Monday of November Term, 1858, of Guilford County Court, at the court house door, in Greensboro', I shall offer at public sale the following tracts of land in said county, or so much thereof as shall be necessary to pay the taxes due thereon, together with the costs of sale, viz:

BY WHOM LISTED.	SITUATION.	TAX.	COST.
William T Amos,	1 town lot in Greensboro, adj. C P Mendenhall & others	$5 96	$1 44
Jas M Hall,	42 acres, waters of N. Buffalo, adj Poor House lands & others	3 46	88
Milton Rose,	1 town lot, in Greensboro, adj Cape Fear Bank lot and others	10 45	88
Devalco Putnam,	1 town lot in Greensboro, adj D C Mebane and others	6 19	1 16
William Swain,	6 acres, waters North Buffalo, adj E Armfield and others	1 86	1 16
Thos Thompson,	3 acres waters North Buffalo, adj J F Garrett and others	4 04	1 16
H J Warren.	1 lot in Greensboro, adj M A Bland and others, and 45 acres, waters Reedy Fork, adj Mrs Gladson and others	6 30	1 16
Edwin Watson,	1 lot in Greensboro. adjoining J W Howlet and others	36 60	1 16
Henry Greeson,	90 acres, waters Alamance, adjoining John Phillips and others	4 09	1 16
Polly Green,	75 acres, waters Stinking Quarter, adj Jacob Amick and others	63	88
James Shaw,	50 acres, waters Alamance, adjoining Sol Sharp and others	63	88
Madison Smith,	50 acres, waters Stinking Quarter, adj Peggy Smith and others	7 71	88
William Heritage,	125 acres, waters Reedy Fork, adj W & J Pritchett and others	7 54	88
David Burnside,	75 acres, waters Alamance, adj J Clark and others	5 46	1 16
David Pritchett,	15 acres, waters Alamance, adjoining Addison Wiley and others	31	88
Addison Wiley,	75 acres, waters Alamance, adjoining Peter Clapp and others,	4 22	1 16
Wm P Causey,	112 acres, waters Alamance, adj J W Gilmer and others	3 11	88
Wm R May,	14 acres, waters Alamance, adj —— and others	3 37	1 16
Matthew Staley,	245 acres, waters Alamance, adj Geo Walker and others	7 63	1 16
Peter Smith,	90 acres, waters of Alamance, adj C P Smith and others	8 23	1 16
Daniel Smith,	75 acres, waters Reedy Fork, adj J M Donnell and others	3 40	1 16
Leven G Ross,	75 acres, waters Polecat, adj F Fentress and others	63	88
Harb Howlett,	27 acres, waters Reedy Fork, adj R Gorrell and others	5 22	1 16
Asa Wilson,	163 acres, waters Reedy Fork, adj Ann Wilson and others	12 41	1 16
Salath'l Barnes,	307 acres, waters Deep River, adj Lemuel Coltrain and others	18 04	1 16
Sol Blair,	57 acres, waters Deep River, adj L Coltrain and others	3 30	88
N J Stewart,	10 acres, waters S Buffalo, adj Patty Leonard and others	31	88
Isaiah Murphy,	127 acres, waters Hickory Creek, adj J Murphy and others	8 14	1 16
William Suits,	206 acres, waters S Buffalo, adj E Armfield and others	10 50	1 16
Allen Powell,	260 acres, waters Reedy Fork, adj W H Brittain and others	4 96	1 16
Johua Strader,	100 acres; waters Haw River, adj Wm Robeson and others	3 66	1 16
Nath Brothers,	96 acres, waters Deep River, adj Henry Ledbetter and others	4 09	88
D W Edwards,	123 acres, waters S Buffalo, adj A C Ledbetter and others	10 50	1 16
Joshua Lindley,	316 acres, waters S Buffalo, adj Alfred Edwards and others	20 00	1 16
James Rayl,	279 acres, waters Reedy Fork, adj Arch'd Wilson and others	9 43	88
Preston Stanly,	33 acres, waters Reedy Fork, adjoining above tracts	3 24	1 16
Uriah Stanly,	54 acres, waters Horse Pen, adj John Hunt and others	2 46	88
Charles Stanly,	54 acres, waters Horse Pen, adjoining the same	9 25	1 16
Geo Carpenter,	275 acres, waters Deep River, adj G C Mendenhall and others	7 84	1 16
Jos A Foust,	1 town lot, Jamestown	3 73	1 16
Steph Gardner,	112 acres, waters Deep River, adj John Gardner and others	8 30	1 16
J E Gamble,	75 acres, waters Deep River, adj James Freeman and others	5 84	1 16
Same	75 " " " "	3 69	1 16
Julia Johnson,	20 acres, waters Deep River, adj —— and others	50	88
Wilson & Shee,	46 acres waters Deep River, adj Widow Beeson and others	18 43	1 16
John L Clark,	273 acres, waters Haw River, adj Wm J Love and others	10 63	1 16
Ann Clark,	100 acres, waters Haw River, adj John King and others	94	88
Wiley Knott,	100 acres, waters Haw River adj John King and others	3 46	1 16
B Peeples,	50 acres, waters Haw River, adj John King and others	5 65	1 16
Sarah Peeples,	437 acres, waters Below's creek, adj B Peeples and others	12 00	1 16
Jesse F Pegram,	100 acres, waters Below's creek, adj Widow Barham and others	7 44	1 16
Elizabeth Preston,	78 acres, waters Below's creek, adj John King and others	1 88	1 16
William Fewell,	70 acres, waters Haw River, adj J Brown and others	2 20	88
Rebecca Pegram,	180 acres, waters Below's creek, adj John King and others	4 41	88
Elizabeth Peeples,	106 acres, waters Below's creek, adj B Peeples and others	11 00	88
Joseph Powers,	100 acres, waters Below's creek, adj John King and others	8 04	1 16
J M Pegram,	75 acres, waters Haw River, adj —— and others	2 83	18
D F Smith,	42 acres, waters Haw River, adj Widow Kennedy and others	4 88	1 16
T Landenham,	55 acres, waters Deep River, adj Mahala Morgan and others	3 75	1 16
Robert Raper,	80 acres, waters Deep River, adj B Clark and others	1 96	1 16
Lovie Stephens,	3 acres, waters Deep River, adj E Shields and others	41	1 16
Calvin Taylor,	100 acres, waters Reedy Fork, adj Lydia Dean and others	20 00	1 16
Jeduthan Ayres,	13 acres, waters Deep River, adj Sam Welborn and others	63	88
Isaiah Dillon,	170 acres, waters Deep River, adj Peter Davis and others	7 87	88
B Y Hunt,	16 acres, waters Riddick's creek, adj M Mendenhall and others	2 52	88
J Henry Lindsay,	1 lot in High Point	7 28	1 16
J J Welch,	50 acres, waters Deep River, adj Jonathan Welch and others	5 58	1 16
William Ogilvie,	234 acres, waters Deep River, adj Lindsay Mining Company	25 20	88
Rebecca Pitts,	37 acres, waters Deep River, adj G C Mendenhall and others	3 05	1 16
F Fries,	1 town lot in High Point	24 60	88
Rob A Forbis,	60 acres, waters S Buffalo, adj Widow Rich and others	9 10	88
R A Forbis & Co.	125 acres, waters S Buffalo, adj J M Donnell and others	12 39	88

October 5, 1858. 143:6w) W. A WINBOURNE, *Sheriff.*

MORE THAN 500,000 BOTTLES Sold in the New England States in one Year. The restorative of Prof. O. J. Wood for Restoring hair perfectly and permanently, has never yet had a rival, volume after volume might be given from all parts of the world and from the most intelligent to prove that *it is a perfect restorative;* but read the circular and you cannot doubt; read also the following.

☞ The Hair.—People have for centuries been afflicted with bald heads, and the only remedy, heretofore known, has been those abominable wigs. By a recent discovery of Prof. Wood these articles are being fast dispensed with but a great many persons still patronize them, because they have been so often imposed upon by Hair Tonics of different kinds. To all such persons we earnestly make the request, that they will try once again, for in Wood's Restorative there is no such thing as fail. We know of a lady who was bald, who used the article a short time, and her head is now covered completely with the tiniest and most beautiful curls imaginable. We know of numerous cases where hair was rapidly falling out, which it restored in greater perfection than it ever had been before.

It is also without doubt one of the best articles for keeping the hair in good condition, making it soft and glossy, removing dandruff, and has proved itself the greatest enemy to all the ills that hair is heir to.

It is the duty of every one to improve their personal appearance though some may differ in regard to the ways of doing it; but every one will admit that a beautiful head of hair, either in man or woman, is an object much to be desired, and there are no means that should be left untried to obtain such a consideration. *Woman's Advocate,* Philadelphia.

Cochocton, Ohio, Nov. 17, 1856.

O. J. WOOD & Co.—Gents: As I have been engaged in selling your Hair Restorative the last season for one of your local agents (R. M. Hackinson,) and having experienced the beneficial effects of it myself, I would like to obtain an agency for the State of Ohio or some State in the West, should you wish to make such an arrangement, as I am convinced *there is nothing equal to it in the United States, for restoring the Hair.* I have been engaged in the Drug business for several years, and have sold various preparations for the hair, but have found nothing that restore the secretive organs or invigorates the scalp as well as yours, being fully convinced that your restorative is what you represent it to be, I would like to engage in the sale of it, for I am satisfied it must sell.

Yours truly,
S. T. STOCKMAN.

Wayland, Mass., Feb. 5, 1857.

Prof. O. J. WOOD & Co.—Gents: Having realized the good effects of your Hair Restorative, I wish to state, that finding my hair growing thin, as well as gray, I was induced from what I read and heard, to try the article prepared by you, to promote its growth and change its color as it was in youth, both of which it has effected completely. In the operation I have used nearly three bottles.

Yours &c,
JAMES FRANCIS.

O. J WOOD & CO., Proprietors, 312 Broadway, N. Y., (in the great N. Y. Wire Railing Establishment) and 114 Market street, St. Louis, Mo. And sold by all good Druggists by
T. J. PATRICK,
W. C. PORTER.
109:9m Greensboro.

BAILEY & CO.
(Formerly Bailey & Kitchen,)